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ETHIOPIA

THE HEALING TOUCH IN ETHIOPIA

By Stuart Bergsma, M.D., Sayo, Ethiopia

THERE is one aspect of medical missionary endeavor frequently unmentioned by correspondents from the foreign field. The prophet Jeremiah referred to it in a spiritual sense when he cried in tears: "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?" Jeremiah answers his own question when he says: "They have healed the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying, 'Peace, peace'; when there is no peace."

Today I heard the wailing of a funeral procession as it passed the very doors of our hospital in Sayo. The deceased lived only a short distance from our hospital. Could nothing be done to help this man, you ask? I do not know, he never came for help or asked for medicines.

Recently a man came for examination of his throat. He could scarcely breathe, his throat presented an angry red swelling constantly increasing, threatening to cut off his respirations in another day. I pleaded with relatives and friends that the man must be put into the hospital at once and watched carefully. "Merely put something on it," said they. "We will come again tomorrow." Unconvinced of the critical condition of the man they took him home, did not return the next morning, and early on the second day we heard the death wail begin from his house, which was within sight of our hospital.

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Why will people so frequently wait until it is too late to do anything? Two brothers brought their sister, a girl of about eighteen years, with an enormous malignant tumor growing in her upper jaw for two years, so distorting her face that it scarcely resembled a human face. When she became too weak to stand alone, hemorrhages were occurring, and she had but one-fifth of her blood remaining they brought her to the hospital in hopes of having the enormous tumor removed. "Is there no physician in Ethiopia? Why then is not the health

of this daughter of Ethiopia recovered?" Why? Because of stark ignorance, superstition and prejudice, which tries the witch doctor and his incantations first, then the native Galla medicine man with his nostrums and quackeries, and finally turns to the mission doctor, only to hear the sentence: "Too late, too late!"

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It has been rightly said that in preventive medicine lies the missionary doctor's greatest opportunity of helping the people. True, but leading a horse to water and making him drink are two separate acts not necessarily following each other. Let us say we are bent on preventing the spread of leprosy. I will explain what we may be up against in this matter. A young man of about twenty-four years of age has been under treatment at our clinic for several months for leprosy. He has definite lesions of leprosy so that few can mistake the nature of his disease. He missed a few weeks of treatment, and when he reappeared I asked him where he had been. "I have been back to my country to pay the engagement price on a girl I intend to marry," was his reply. I explained that he had no right to marry. The constant contact of a healthy woman and presumably healthy children later with this leprous man would surely result in many being afflicted with leprosy. I explained in detail the seriousness of this. He left, only to return again saying it was impossible to break the engagement, the marriage must go through as originally planned. On being questioned as to reasons, he replied: "I promised $100 and two cows for this girl, and her father says that unless I marry her and pay him the price agreed on I go to prison!" He stated that he had explained to the father he had leprosy. It made no difference.

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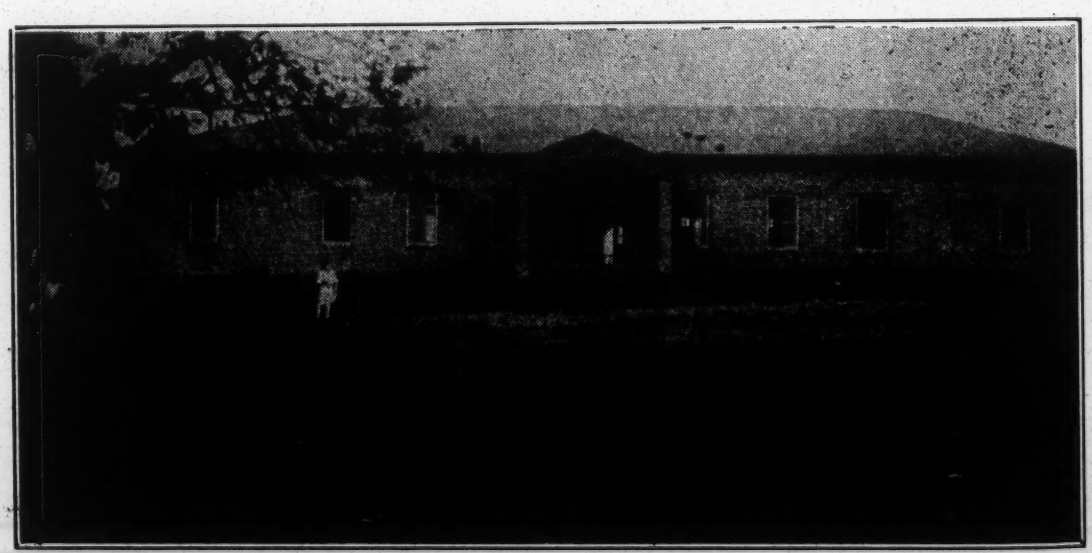
A Galla father and mother present their small babe to us at clinic. The greedy Galla medicine man, who stops at nothing to earn a few pennies, has told the parents that the child's teeth are not erupting correct-



The Jean Orr Memorial Hospital, Sayo, Ethiopia

ly and he must gouge out a few to save the child later fever and trouble. He does this with a dirty sharp iron, twisting it into the child's jaws and removing the incipient tooth and bits of adjacent jaw bone, with great pain to the child and infection of jaws and permanent loss of tooth in that location. For this he charges as professional fee a sum equal to about three days labor of the father (one-half dollar Ethiopian). I explain with vehemence to the parents that this is unnecessary and malicious, a damage to the child. They go away, decide to be on the safe side, and visit the Galla medicine man.

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A major operation has just been completed, a new opening having been made between stomach and bowel of a man who for years has been distressed by ulcers slowly closing the normal opening from his stomach. For a short time this man must have absolutely nothing by mouth, not even water; later he will be on fluid diet, then coarser foods. On the second day after operation we find the man complaining his stomach hurts him terribly. We investigate in his bedside stand, and find an almost empty bowl of coarse food, with only remnants to tell us what it originally contained; we look further and find an empty pint tin of mixed fruits, which from the description of the label we know contained pineapple, apricots, peaches, cherries and other fruits mixed together. Our newly operated patient has eaten the whole thing at one sitting, and now he complains his stomach is sore! How came these things there? Sympathetic friends, hearing that the hard hearted doctor was not going to give this man any food for some time decided they had better step in and save the patient from starvation and give him a treat to celebrate his operation, and so they "chip in" and buy a tin of fruit at the merchant's place and donate a good meal.

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But why go on? "They have healed the hurt of the daughter of my people *slightly*, saying: 'Peace, peace,' when there is no peace." That is a nice word, that word *"slightly."* Sarcasm on the part of the prophet? Like the soothing words of the witch doctor or medicine man in the face of a cancer: "Just rub the juice of this plant on it and you will soon be well." "Peace, peace, when there is no peace." Disease is eating the soul of Ethiopia and the people are told: "Fast on Wednesdays and Fridays, pay penances, and give to the poor." "Peace, peace when there is no peace." Or the witch doctor says: "Pay me one dollar and my magical hocus pocus is at your disposal." "Peace, peace when there is no peace." "You are in need of immediate operation," says the surgeon. "We will wait a while and see if it is as you say." "Peace, peace" (at last). Do these case histories depress you? Good! Then you realize to a small extent the depression of the "healing hand" in Ethiopia.

MEDICAL SCIENCE MEETS OLD SUPERSTITIONS

By V. M. Daugherty, M.D., Gore, Ethiopia

OLD ideas die hard, even in the face of proof, and I have the proof. It isn't, indeed, necessary to come to Ethiopia for proof of that statement.

But let us begin our story with Likeilish. She is a woman under middle age and some time ago she came to the clinic in Gore needing injections. Now it has been our practice to require those who are able to pay, according to their ability, either in money or in some commodity or in services. Honesty and truthfulness being relatively unknown virtues in this province, at least, it isn't easy to judge of these matters. It is necessary to charge for medicines principally for two reasons: First, it seems to be foreign to the native mentality to believe that anything received for nothing can be of any value, except, of course, money and other things with which they may be familiar and, second, we need the money. I might add a third—we don't believe in making beggars of our people. They already have too much of a tendency in that direction.

Perhaps we were wrong in thinking that Likeilish could work—pulling weeds out of the grass on the lawn. For nine days she sat around beginning to pull weeds whenever Miss Bayne or myself looked in her direction. But the tenth day I decided that it was futile to expect work of any consequence from her and had made up my mind to discharge her from her work and give her gratis the injections she needed. But that day she did not appear. Nor did she come again until just the other day.

"Master, I want the money for the nine days I worked," she whined. "I have found out that my sickness isn't what you said, but it is a disease caused by the spirit of my father. I don't need injections but I want the money for the work I did. I must buy a red sheep and a red rooster and sacrifice them and drink their blood. I don't need injections. If you will, give me the money for the nine days I worked."

"Who told you this disease was caused by the spirit of your father?" "I asked Sheik Ali," she said. "He is a wise man who has come from Bouno. He knows all about these things," she added. "He said this disease was caused by the spirit of my father and I must kill a red sheep and a red rooster and then I would be healed."

"Are you a Christian?" I asked.

"Yes."

"And you would believe a Mohammedan rather than a Christian?"

"But he knows all about these things."

"You are not," I said sternly, "a Christian. Not a real Christian! You do not believe in God nor in Christ but rather in the spirit of your father. You do not believe that God has all power but you believe that the spirit of your father is more powerful than God." And with much more in this vein I scolded her, tried to reason with her, tried to shame her, but to no avail.

"We have cured many people who are sick like you are," I told her.

"Yes, I know that," was her somewhat unexpected reply.

"Then why don't you take the injections, seeing that I am willing to give them to you without any further compensation from you?"

"I don't need injections," she maintained. "I only need to kill a red sheep and a red rooster. I've already bought the rooster."

"But," I remonstrated, "we know that this is a very foolish thing for you to do, and if I give you the money now—it amounts to one thaler and thirteen tamones—then, when you find you are not healed and come again crying to me you will have to bring ten thalers like other poor people."

"Never mind," said Likeilish. "If I am not healed by this I will just die there."

And talk how I would I could not convince her. So I gave her the money and she departed to buy the red sheep.

For a long time I have known that the pagans held such a belief as this of Likeilish's in the power of the spirit of the deceased father to inflict punishment, often in the form of disease, on his children, but now I am finding that many of the Ethiopian Christians believe in this just as firmly—and not only those who have recently turned from paganism but also those whose ancestors have been Christians for generations back.

The day that Likeilish returned I was talking to a native medicine man who has consented to tell me what he knows of native medicines. His family for generations have engaged in the administration of native herbs and other drugs and he has quite a store of knowledge.

I have questioned him and find that he also is a firm believer in disease caused by the spirit of an offended father. And so I reasoned with him for a few minutes and he admitted that I was right, though I think he did not really believe it for he added that he was too old to change his belief. Perhaps he meant that I was right as pertained to foreigners but that he knew better about Ethiopians.

His account of native medicines and their virtues is really quite interesting, and, according to him, most of them are practically sure fire and comparatively rapid in their power to heal. A burn, no matter how deep, can be healed in three days, he says. After treating deep burns for weeks on end it would be tempting, indeed, to try this treatment if one knew less about anatomy and physiology. There is, no doubt, some virtue in the greater part of the drugs which he uses and I hope that some day I may find time and money to try out some of the more promising ones at least—on the chance of discovering perhaps one drug better than its corresponding drugs in our present materia medica. But were I to believe my mentor—he heals practically everything in from one to seven days—I would be tempted to throw away half my drugs and go hunting leaves, roots and bark in the jungle. I do not think that he is deliberately lying, but rather that his lack of scientific outlook and his innate tendency to exaggeration have led him astray.

We are always happy when we are able to help people and to heal them and it always brings a feeling of sadness when we fail, though it isn't always our fault. There is Tamru, for instance, who was speared through the abdomen about ten o'clock Thursday night, a spear piercing the intestine. It is true that he lived some six hours journey away, but he was not brought to our clinic until about two o'clock Monday afternoon. By that time his pulse was very rapid and he was weak, not having eaten since he was wounded. We tried to operate on him but he "went bad" on the table and we were compelled to abandon the operation. After a few days in the hospital his fever has dropped, his pulse is not so rapid, and he eats some and drinks milk. So it seems that he may live. If he can only gather enough strength to stand the operation he can surely be saved. And here is where prayer is worth more than medicine.

And there are many cases similar to Tamru. A recent hernia case had, for five years, tried various native remedies and, only as a last resort, had come to the Mission Hospital. We think that he will be healed, but many with acute diseases wait, trying all the native remedies first, and when they come to the clinic they are beyond all help, except that of the Great Physician. Recently a little girl suffering from diarrhoea for three days was given a violent purge and when her mother thought she was about to die, she came crying to the Mission doctor who went and saved her. And I have just learned that a surgical case which we lost some time ago had fasted for one week before the operation and had in that time taken a violent purge four different times.

SIMPLE EVANGELISM

THE GOSPEL AT WORK IN SAYO, ETHIOPIA

By the Rev. Bruce B. Buchanan, Sayo, Ethiopia

A FEW passing glimpses of evangelism in fact, not theory, to be found here follow:

THE SAYO CHURCH

While embryonic as regards numbers and influence our members have pledged to bring at least one person to Christ each year, God helping them. Although some fail others are making an honest attempt. A testifying church is the very best form of evangelization. The missionaries are seeking to encourage these 82 friends to be soul-winners. So the hopes for the future are bright since the people have a mind to work and God's grace is unlimited.

The Church is about thirty months old and while it is still somewhat of a bruised reed it must be strengthened and not broken. Few of the members have gotten to the tithing stage and many of them are still but babes in Christ. But it is gratifying to observe the good attendance of our members at the Sabbath services, as a rule it is close, to 90 per cent, the only ones being absent are those who live in far

places or the sick. Even at the week-day service, the attendance is about 85 per cent.

Six of our nine S. S. classes are taught by Ethiopians and three others assist. Better than our foreign or native evangelists are these witnesses in this little Church. Christ is counting on them. Something will happen as long as they continue to have the desire to bring others to the Lord for salvation and pardon. Like Paul, we thank God and take courage.

VILLAGERS

Every Saturday morning from 40 to 45 men, women, boys and girls meet in Kusa's house at Alabo. The place is rather dirty and there are a few too many goats, chickens and other creatures about. But the people are good listeners and are becoming lovers of Christ and of His Gospel. They respond well to questions and have learned a few songs. But Alabo is only one of many. Every week-end some fifty villages hear the Word, some Friday mornings, others like Alabo on Saturday mornings and still others on Sabbath afternoons.

Some half dozen are as promising as Alabo, others are decidedly less so. Besides these, some forty other villages in the Sayo district are reached a little less often. Then out miles beyond, every dry season scores of villages hear the Good News. All this demands much energy on the part of the workers. Every year literally thousands of miles on muleback are traversed. Here and there, there are real conversions and many an awakening. The Gospel is becoming understood by many. Our work is chiefly with the villagers in this agricultural district for towns are few and far between.

GROUP INSTRUCTION

Thrice a week classes meet to instruct enquirers, candidates and Church members. 150 people attend these to receive spiritual nourishment and to better learn the Way of Life. Most of the teaching has to be elemental as it is only "line upon line and precept upon precept" that our people learn. The women, too, are instructed and have a weekly prayer meeting as well.

BOYS AND GIRLS—LARGE AND SMALL

This past year more than 200 of these have received Gospel teaching in the station or village schools. They have learned much Scripture, most of them having committed scores of verses to memory. From these schools have come at least 25 of our Church members. Last dry season seven village schools served as Gospel-centers. Conscientious teachers and careful supervision as well as community interest all helped to make them a success.

THE PRINTED PAGE

During the past four and a half years about 3,800 Bibles, Testaments, portions, religious books and alphabet cards have been sold besides hundreds of free tracts distributed. The Scriptures are being read by many. Ten years ago there were scarcely any Scriptures in this province except those in the hands of the priests, and these in an obsolete tongue.

LED BY THE SPIRIT

Ten volunteer teachers help with our village work. This is surely the Spirit's leading. Two prayer meetings each week are being held by our native people, each of these being started and maintained by them. They meet for inspiration and Divine help. They pray not only for themselves but for others and for the work in all its phases. The Saturday night prayer service was started three years ago. At that time about seven men were included. Now the group is between thirty and thirty-five. On Wednesdays besides the Ethiopian group the missionaries also meet for intercession and thanksgiving. Evangelism is never effective without power from above.

The Gospel is an active force in Sayo. But we need to labor on in great faith for "there remaineth yet very much land to be possessed." The truth is that the missions in Ethiopia in all their combined influence for Christ and His Gospel are but a drop in the bucket but cannot lose hope for "He is able."

NEW METHODS FOR THE NEW DAY

By Mrs. R. W. Hockman, Addis Abba, Ethiopia

AS a new missionary on the field, I rather hesitate to write on such a topic as "New Methods for the New Day." So often new workers come to the field with brand new ideas and try to put them into practice immediately, forgetting that the elder missionaries have been toiling for years striving to put into practice new ideas which they have had, when they first came to the field. Then, too, there is the danger of our thinking so much about what new methods we are going to use that we lose sight of the "Great Commission" on which we have been sent by our Lord.

I shall limit my topic to Ethiopia, because some of the new methods mentioned here in this article are not new methods in some of our other mission stations. Also some of our own new methods may not be new to some of the other Christian missionary societies in Ethiopia.

CHURCH ORGANIZATION

Possibly the greatest new method in our own society in Ethiopia is the introduction of the indigenous church. So far in Addis Ababa we have not had such, but we are praying that God will send such a revival in all our hearts that men may have a real spiritual awakening for the things of God. We want these people to see the need of a church for themselves, which they will support, and a native pastor, and also take upon themselves to be "Fishers of Men." Our Sayo station now has such a Church, and we pray God's richest blessing upon the native workers there. Our evangelistic work should be the greatest work we have, and we need the prayers, and a real revival in the hearts of the people at home, as well as on the field, in order to make it so.

BIBLE DRAMATIZATION

In the educational realm probably our most recent method is the use of dramatization of the Bible stories with the school children. With Miss Nichol in the school and with my own Juniors on Sabbath afternoon, we find the use of drama a great help. These people understand the Oriental customs, and it is wonderful to see them working out the story of Samuel and Eli," "The Talents" or "Moses in the Bulrushes." They understand the great difference between a servant and his master, and they make the stories even more real to us.

NURSES' TRAINING SCHOOL

In the hospital the new method introduced is a native nurses' training school. We feel that perhaps in this way Christian natives can get closer to their own people in caring for their physical and spiritual needs. Of course all this takes time, but we try not to become discouraged for Jesus' sake. These native nurses are given a course in Bible study along with their training for nurses.

"A SINGING SCHOOL"

We would not forget a little recreation. My husband has recently started a singing school for the native boys who work in the hospital. It is fun not only for the boys but for the teacher. Some can sing very well, but with others it is not so. The aim is to work toward the organizing of a band. We are praying that the Lord will send us instruments for such. Already He has sent us two trumpets. All hours of the day one can hear the boys trying to play the scale on the trumpet which has been given them for practice. We are so anxious for the people here to learn real wholesome recreation in keeping with Christian standards.

With new methods being introduced we pray and urge you at home to pray that we may not lose sight of our great work here in giving Christ to these hungry hearts. The educational field is well in its place, the hospital has its duties; but in whatever work we are, we must have a vision that souls are without Christ, and the bringing of the Gospel story is the greatest end to which we must labor for our Master.

Not yesterday's load we are called on to bear,
Nor the morrow's uncertain and shadowy care;
Why should we look forward or back with dismay?
Our needs, as our mercies, are but for the day.

One day at a time, and the day is His day;
He hath numbered its hours, though they haste or delay.
His grace is sufficient; we walk not alone;
As the day, so the strength that He giveth His own.

—*Annie Johnson Flint.*

HADA NESSIE

By Elizabeth McKibben, R. N. on furlough Pittsburgh, Pa.

A NUMBER of years ago, a woman came to the Mission compound with her small son. She asked for work and a house in which to live. She was given a house and work was found for her in the hospital kitchen. At first she made many excuses to stay away from prayers at the hospital, saying her bread could not be left or her yeast required her attention. But the nurse insisted that she attend prayers. Gradually her heart was opened and she began to realize what Christ could do for her. She became interested in the Bible stories and soon was able to tell them to her friends. She was made a "Bible Woman," and went into the different villages teaching her sisters in darkness about Christ.

When she first came to the Mission she told the missionaries that when her husband died he owed a large debt and as she was unable to pay it, the man took her son and daughter in exchange for the money.

Hada Nessie had no idea where her children were, when she came to the mission for work. While she was carrying the message of Christ to the women of the different villages, she heard about her son and daughter. Hada Nessie asked the mission for letters of introduction to the Governor, as well as for their prayers in behalf of her children. After going to the court many times, Hada Nessie was rewarded by having her son returned to her.

After many weary journeys to obtain her daughter and almost giving up in despair, she was told that on a certain day she would be given her daughter. She went to the court that day with a light heart, but her heart was saddened when she was taken to a native house and shown a line of girls and told to pick out her daughter. Hada Nessie did not want to make any mistake and so having great faith in prayer, she offered up a silent prayer for guidance. This prayer was answered by a quick thought to call her daughter's name. She called "Dabetu," her daughter stepped forth and was reunited with her mother. "Dabetu" means, "Return," in the Galla language. Dabetu was returned in answer to prayer.

"He told them of the Kingdom and its laws,
And fired their souls with zeal for it and Him.
He taught a new sweet simple rule of Right
'Twixt man and God, and so 'twixt man and man—
That men should first love God and serve Him well,
Then love and serve their neighbors as themselves."

—*Oxenham.*

THE SUDAN*

LEARNERS AND LEADERS
DAY BY DAY IN SUDANESE HOMES

By Miss Una Coie, Khartoum North, The Sudan

ONE day F—— was giving a lesson to a girl who had been married just a week before. There were four others taking lessons in the same house. One of these had had her lesson and then the bride brought her book which was a Gospel for her lesson. The neighbors and her mother were present. Her mother told her that she must not read any more in the Gospel now (because of her recent marriage) the angels were round about her and in her. She said angrily to her mother "Where are the angels? Do you see any angels here?" Afterwards her mother left and she began reading her lesson again.

* * *

In another home a temperance lesson was being taught. F——— was showing the evils of strong drink. At first one of the women said "But the wine brings in lots of money." (Same old story of revenue isn't it). F—— went on to show how it injured the health and all women agreed with her. While she was talking a man entered and requested a bottle of drink and from under the bed on which she was sitting they produced a bottle of the native drink.

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On another occasion a lesson was being given to a bride. It is a custom that a bride must not show her face to, or speak with her mother-in-law until she, the mother-in-law pays her some money. When the teacher came for the lesson the bride did not want to miss her lesson and so she told F—— to come inside the *tobe* with which she was enveloped, so that she would not have to show her face. F—— found this too hard as it was hot and the smell of the sandalwood choking. Finally someone took pity on her and said, "It's better that all these people should go out of the room while the bride has her lesson," and so the lesson proceeded.

* * *

One day M—— was entering a home where there was a new baby. Before she entered the mother called to her and said, "Have you been near a dead person or have you come from the river?" When M— replied "No," she said "All right, come on in then." It was her fear that M—— would bring evil upon her so that she would never have any more children. A similar instance occurred with F—— who one day entered a home where there was a new baby. She was wearing a chain around her neck with a gold pendant bearing the image of Queen Victoria. She was requested to remove the pendant for the same reason.

*(We regret that the "Special" material for the Sudan section of our study has not arrived. We have substituted other articles which were prepared for the Foreign Correspondence Department. —Editor.)

One of M's pupils had been having lessons for some time and one day she refused to continue her lessons giving as her reason a long story that her father had forbidden her on account of her brothers who she said were jealous because she could read better than they. Some weeks passed and through another pupil, M—— learned that this first girl wanted her to come back and give her lessons once more. When she went back the girl told her the true story. Her father had not forbidden her but she herself had objected to the Bible lessons. Now she had come to see that they were useful and she began reading again and has finished all the Gospels.

* * *

In a certain house the father had a Bible which he read on occasion. His daughter was taking lessons and when she finished the second reading book M—— wanted her to take either Genesis or one of the Gospels. She took Genesis and when she had finished that she was to read in Matthew but her father refused saying that she must not read in the Gospel. "The Gospel is a bad book. It is not inspired and it is false." The mother said to him, "If it is false, why then do you read in it?" He replied, Never mind, let the girl read it."

* * *

Two sisters had been taking lessons but for some reason or other they had stopped and did not take for some time. Finally they sent word for M—— to come back and bring with her a Bible for each of them. On the day that she brought the Bibles the father met her and said "Did you bring the Bibles?" "Yes." "That's good. I wish them to read the Bible and learn how to live right." A little later the brother came into the room and almost the same conversation ensued.

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A girl had been taking lessons for about a year. She was very bright. Her mother was not a good woman. On one occasion she was absent from her lesson for three weeks. She had been taking it in the home of one of the neighbors. Then she returned. M—— asked her why she had been absent and she said she had been married. Her mother wanted her to live a life of sin but she refused. She chose to be married and live straight. Her husband brought her to the lesson because her people had threatened to kill her. She said she had learned better from the lessons and wanted to live a right life.

* * *

S—— had been teaching Aisha the first and second book and then she began reading the Bible. She became interested and began to ask questions. She told her father that she was a Christian and wanted to be baptized. Her mother became angry and wanted to stop her lessons but she was ashamed to tell S—— not to come. The father said to let her continue her lessons and she could choose for herself. But afterwhile some of the neighbors stirred them up by telling them that the Bible women compelled them to be Christians. They decided that the best thing to do was to plan for her marriage and they told the Bible woman not to come again.

Aisha's desire had not changed but she was forced into the marriage. Who can say that Aisha may not some day have a new name for "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life."

* * *

One day when M—— went to a district where she was accustomed to give lessons, when she came out of the first house a man met her in the street and he was very angry and told her if she ever showed up in that district he would kill her, that she forced the lessons on the girls and he told the girls that they might not have lessons again. The mother of one of the girls was present and he cursed her. She did not reply at the time but she told her husband about the matter and the husband met the man later and asked why he cursed his wife. Then the first man said "They are trying to make Christians of your women." The father of the girl replied, "What business is it of yours whether we become Christians or not?" The following week M—— did not go back to that district as she thought it best to let matters quiet down a bit but the following week she went as usual and has continued her work in that section. All her old pupils have returned to their lessons and some new ones have been taken on. When M—— was asked if she was afraid to go back to that section she replied, "No, I prayed about the matter and knew that God wanted me to go back and He would care for me."

* * *

One day F—— was teaching a girl the lesson that there is no way to God except through Christ. The girl thought that if one believed in Christ or Moses or Mohammed it was all the same he could be saved, i. e., if a person believed in all those and didn't curse or do anyone any harm that he would be saved. F—— illustrated the point by saying that if a person has a tram ticket which cost him a half piastre he may go as far as the bridge but he can't go to Khartoum. That first ticket doesn't take him far enough. He must pay the full price if he expects to get to Khartoum. It doesn't matter how much of his baggage he is taking with him, if he doesn't have the ticket he can not go to Khartoum on the tram. Christ represents the price of the full ticket. Moses is good as far as he goes but he can not save. The girl understood the illustration and she told F—— how her lessons had made such a change in her life.

Please remember these young women as they go in and out of the homes day by day, that they may bear a true and faithful witness on all occasions. Please pray most earnestly that God would fulfill His promise concerning His word that it might not return unto Him void.

NEW METHODS FOR THE NEW DAY

AN OUTDOOR BIBLE CLASS

By Miss Frances Turk, Khartoum North, The Sudan

SOME months have elapsed since my return to the Sudan for the second time. Coming back was coming home, so much has the Sudan become a part of me. I have been longer here in the Sudan than in any other one place anywhere. It is little wonder then that this oasic spot under the tropic sky has assumed the role of Home for me.

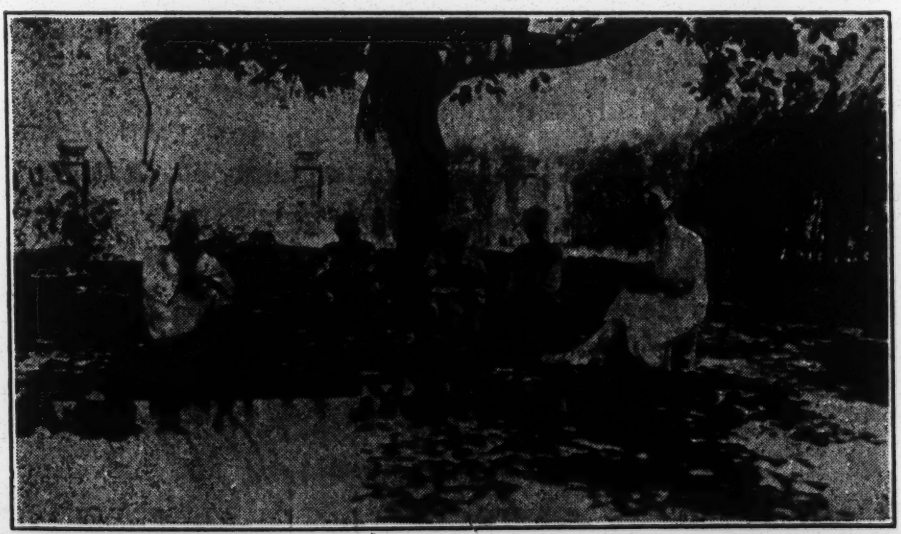
In my schedule of daily tasks this year I have one class about which I am going to tell you—four men; two very dark brown fine-featured Arabs, one a youth of about 20 years and the other, his uncle, about 65 years and two jet black Sudanese, also about 20 and 70 years of age. There is a very great difference in years between the two students of 20 and those of 65 years and 70, but we study together and feel no need of having our lessons graded. Our Subject is God's plan of salvation from sin, and our textbook is the Bible. We meet, with very few exceptions, regularly at 6 o'clock in the morning under a wide-spreading banyan tree and study for one hour. We compare and discuss different angles of thought concerning Christ and Mohammed. We pray. At first we didn't use the word praying, but calling upon God, which of course to me is the same, but to my students, praying would require first going through the various ablutions. To both the young and the old in the class, the stories of the Old Testament are full of interest and apparently give them a great deal of joy. The older men adore the Psalms. They often tell me not to leave one Psalm ere they have "put it into the heart" so that they too might be able to express themselves to God in the wonderful way in which David did; that they too are sinners and have need to cry to God even as David did and "perhaps God will be more likely to hear us if we use the beautiful language of the sweet singer David."

But the stories of Christ while very interesting to them, are all very provocative indeed. To virtually every story they have a counterblast ready to blow at the first opportunity, and we make the opportunity there and then in the setting of our story where ventilation of thought is most desirous. Tales here are usually most amusing but rarely very edifying. The story of Cain and Abel brought forth the following: Cain and Abel were born, each having a twin sister as was Eve's custom and necessity that she bring forth in pairs men and women who would propagate their kind after them. It devolved upon Cain the eldest to take the responsibility of arranging the marriage. He himself would take Abel's twin sister and Cain's twin would fall to Abel. But Abel would not consent to marry a sister who was older than himself and who also happened to be very unattractive. The contention continued as the two shepherded their flocks out in the

open. Cain seemed to be getting nowhere. Abel continued obdurate. Then the thought occurred to him that by killing his brother he will have won and none would be the wiser. And so he did. But what would he do with the corpse? No one had ever died and had to be buried! Bewildered he sat by the side of his slain brother during the days hiding him in the bushes at nights. Finally he dreamed a dream —God ordered two angels to go to the earth and there stage a sham-battle before Cai.n After a short struggle one of the participants feigned death and the survivor dug a hole in the sand and buried him. Utterly disgusted at this stupidity Cain awoke and immediately buried the dead from before him.

To the story of Ishmael a new version came forth. Because of the jealousy of Sarai, Abraham's wife, Abraham was compelled to put away the bondwoman and her son. But God provided for both because from the loins of Ishmael was to come a mighty nation. After leaving the home of Abraham, Hagar's course was through the desert of Arabia. The mother and the small son traveled wearily on until they arrived near Mecca. There, going farther seemed utterly impossible. Death stared both in the face. No food, and worse still no water. What would they do? How could they meet death, there all alone away from everybody? The baby cried, and cried, and cried, kicking his feet as babes are wont to do. He would not be comforted. On he cried. Then he began to get stronger, but on he cried. Now he dug his heels into the sand. He became spunky and kicked yet the harder, each time his heels making a deeper impression in the sand until a final kick brought forth the gushing stream from the well of Zem-Zem. There they drank and took courage. And out of that very well millions of pilgrims yearly drink and take courage. (If not typhoid fever).

The women often tell the story of Eve. She brought forth three children; two beautiful lily-white babies, the third a ghastly dark color. Eve was proud, oh so proud,



Miss. Frances Turk with her outdoor Bible Class.

of the delicate pink and white babes, but cared not at all for her nut-colored lad. Because he was ill favored the dark lad was made the servant to his white brother and sister. One day when the lad was sent to do some unpleasant and trying task Eve heard footsteps of some one coming. Hastily she hid her white lambs under a huge black pot resembling a pancake griddle. The approaching stranger turned out to be God. He asked Eve where her children were. She told Him to wait a minute, and directly her little dark son arrived. God asked her if she didn't have any other children. She hesited ere she realized that God knew even her very thoughts. Trembling she called for her two lovely offspring. God gave her one look and punished her for pride by changing the color of the lovely white children to black and her dark boy to white. After that the first mother of us all became very humble but was nevertheless responsible that part of the people are black and part white.

NEGROID TRIBES OF THE SUDAN

By Mr. J. J. McKnight, Khartoum, The Sudan

FIVE hundred and twenty-five miles south of Khartum we come to the Sobat river, flowing into the White Nile from the Ethiopian highlands. As we stand at the mouth of this river looking south we face the land of the Negroid tribes. We are now in a country where the annual rainfall is much greater. The land is cut up with many sluggish streams. Swamps and marshes abound. Grass grows higher than a man's head. Wild animals abound. The people live in round, single-roomed houses with conical shaped thatched roofs. They live by hunting, fishing, growing corn and tending herds of cattle. Each tribe speaks a dialect of its own. Their religion is animistic. Here we find the primitive African practically untouched by Mohammedanism. Reached at once they will easily be won to Christ.

Ascend the Sobat and see the work of our Church among these Negro tribes. A short distance up the river we come to Doleib Hill. This station, on a little knoll under impressive palms, is in the center of the Shulla tribe. Here two missionary families are carrying on evangelistic and educational work, while one single lady has begun work for the women. At this center with sufficient workers and without any expensive buildings or institutions we have the opportunity to reach a whole tribe and to win it permanently for Christ.

One hundred and sixty-seven miles up the Sobat, beyond Doleib Hill, we come to Nasir, our last station in the Sudan, where three families and two nurses are at work bringing Christ to the Nuer tribe. Here as at Doleib Hill, Christ has been preached and accepted, lives have been changed, churches have been built, girls are being taught, and native evangelists are going out to teach and preach the gospel.—*The United Presbyterian.*

SETTING THE SAILS

By C. E. Hawthorne, D.D., Evangelistic Committee, Board of Administration, Washington, D. C.

I HAVE just recently finished reading a book "The Great Revival" by Arthur B. Strickland. It gives the historical account of that revival which swept America at the close of the 18th century, when church after church and section after section experienced a great awakening as the Holy Spirit fell with power upon them. When I had finished reading there was a yearning in my own soul, and in the quiet of my room I cried, "O God, send such a blessing to my church, and to the whole church this year."

We have all been much distressed over the decrease in missionary zeal, and over the resulting curtailment of work at home and abroad. We are constantly hoping and praying for a new vision in our church along missionary lines. But one doubts if any great aggressiveness in the work of our denomination can come until we ourselves of the church have a vital awakening from God. It is important to give medical attention to every fresh case of typhoid that appears in an epidemic, but one of the first things the Board of health will do is to attempt to discover the cause of the Epidemic. Likewise there are many things that challenge us in Christian work at this present hour, but let nothing hinder us in seeking to experience the one basic blessing for our church—a heaven-sent revival. With such a blessed event sweeping our church, most of the other problems that bother will be solved.

What then should be our manner of approach to the subject of Revival? Such a revival must be from above. It cannot be stirred up from below. Is there nothing then that we can do? Yes, we can set the sails ready for the heavenly breeze. As I write the papers are full of news concerning the yacht race for an ancient cup. One morning both the American boat and the English boat set their sails ready to race. But there was no breeze. The race was off for that day. Next morning the sails were again set, and this time the breeze came and filled them, and the boats leaped through the water. The breeze must come from heaven, but we can at least set the sails.

Constant faithful intercession; definite personal witnessing of the love and power of Jesus to our friends and neighbors; a humble, yielded willingness to do what Jesus wants us to do: a consecrated faithfulness in all things spiritual—this is the setting of the sails.

My own heart is encouraged at the ready response made by the Women's General Missionary Society of our church, and by the Young People in the Annual Convention, in the setting aside this year as a year of special effort in soul-winning. There seems to be a strange stirring in the hearts of many. A growing feeling of expectancy. May each one of us be at our stations when the heavenly breezes blow.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

INDIA

Mrs. Osborne Crowe, Editor, Sialkot, India

AN INDIAN WEDDING

By Miss Kate A. Hill, Sialkot, India

Upon my arrival in Sialkot after my transfer from Sargodha I received an invitation to a dinner given by a Hindu in the city. It was in celebration of the wedding of his son. This man keeps a hardware shop and Mr. Crowe has been buying many things for the new hospital from him. Every missionary in Sialkot and district was invited. We looked forward to the event but, alas! just the day before a child in the family died so the dinner had to be postponed.

In a few days came gorgeous printed invitations all in gold to join the wedding party on a special train to Amritsar where the bride's father lives. So on the date appointed Mr. and Mrs. Crowe, Miss Artman and myself joined the *"Bharat"* (wedding party) at the railway station at 9:30. As we entered the station there stood the special train gaily decorated with flags and flowers, mostly marigolds and banana leaves. Long tables were spread out with every thing for a cup of hot tea and some sweets. A band was playing. I can't just tell what the tune was but it sounded like "We won't go home 'till morning"!

It was a beautiful day. The train was full. I cannot say how many were in it. The groom wearing his wedding veil of flowers was seen but mostly it was his father and older brother who were seen among the guests making every body comfortable and happy. We were interested in the conversation of the young men at the other end of our car. We could not hear all they said but we caught the words "capitalist," "socialists", etc., then it turned to religion and this sentence came out "The Bible has been printed in thousands of languages."

As Pasrur another band greeted us. Perhaps the same one which such a short time ago played for dear Dr. White when she went home. We thought of her and her life work in Sialkot and Pasrur. Huge baskets of apples, bananas and oranges were brought on and passed to every one. Our next stop was Narowal. Here we found a table spread out and a breakfast all in English style with printed menus. We all sat down and ate together, American, Hindu and Mohammeden guests. Slowly but surely progress is being made in India. Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Campbell and Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Clements joined us here.

On we went until we reached Amritsar. It seemed like a dream to be travelling through this part of the Punjab on a train. For these were all rural stations until a few years ago when this railway was built. We enjoyed the day and discussed customs and country and mission policies, and depression came in for its share. There did not seem any for this father as he provided for this wedding. Not a guest was allowed to spend any thing. We heard afterwards he had spent more than thirty thousand rupees—over ten thousand dollars!

Arriving at Amritsar we were met by another band and again had our photographs taken and then taken in cars to an inn where a most sumptuous tea was served. I happened to sit next the bridegroom. He looked forlorn and unhappy. Every body else was laughing and talking. I searched my brain for something to say to engage him in conversation. At last I remarked to him "Do you wish you were back in Sialkot?" This brought a wan smile to his face as he replied "Who

doesn't?" I got another "yes" and "no" and a faint smile for some other remarks and the other missionaries wondered at my bravery in addressing the groom!

Then came the procession through the city. For two hours and a quarter we rode at a snail's pace through the bazars of the city. In and out in narrow streets with crowds on either side. Oranges and bananas were passed again and finally we reached an inn where wedding parties are entertained. We were sent to the hotel to wash up and have dinner.

About ten o'clock cars came for us and another procession was formed to meet the bride's party. The groom with his veil was mounted on a white horse all fitted out with gold trappings. A small boy, a relative rode behind. Bands, colored lights and many men followed. The groom's grandfather walked along as fresh and unwearied as when we left Sialkot. Weddings seem to be men's affairs for all day we never saw a woman.

After an hour we came to where the two parties met. It seemed to be the enclosure of some public building. It was enclosed and decorated with paper flags and many mottoes. Out on the front was one that caused us much mirth "Every dog has his day." Inside the tents were long tables to seat about three hundred guests. Here the bride's father took charge and we were fed again. This time in a more orthodox Hindu fashion with brass trays and little brass dishes for each article of food.

We inquired where the groom was and were told "in the hands of the priests". About twelve-thirty we were excused and sometime between that and the morning at the propitious moment the real ceremony took place but we were soundly sleeping in the hotel, having been fed eight times during the day and entertained by five bands and our photographs taken many times. Some one had said that the priests would get a good fee for this wedding and was told "They pray for weddings like this."

Next morning after a good rest we went to see the famous Golden Temple which really warrants a letter of its own.. Then joined another procession from the "wedding inn" to the bride's house and here we found tables for over five hundred guests and another dinner. We were entertained by a strong man or perhaps I should say a contortionist.

We reached home weary but happy not having had a dull moment. On the following Tuesday we went to see the gifts and the bride. Such an array of gold ornaments made by native goldsmiths furniture, brass and clothes, dozens upon dozens. We asked how the bride could ever wear so many, but were told they were hers to give away to her new relatives.

We saw the bride, such a wee mite of a girl sitting on a low stool surrounded by the women who came all day to see the gifts and the bride. We turned her face up and threw back her veil to see her. Perhaps she is of the age required by the Sarda act but not much more. She was so timid and frightened. We were glad when we were told she would be sent back to her parents the next day for some months to "grow up" I hope. She was laden with gold ornaments. For in India the daughter does not inherit property but receives her dowry from her father when she is married.

The groom is a fourth year student in the Scotch Mission College and returns now to his studies until his graduation next spring.

Having seen the presents and again garlanded with a garland of marigolds we thought we were now at the end, but yesterday came word that the dinner that was postponed in the beginning will be given next Monday night. Also the father has asked if he may furnish the refreshment for the opening of the new hospital.

EDITORIAL

MRS. JOHN P. WHITE, Editor, 1503 Dormont Ave., So. Hills, Pittsburgh, Pa.

A NOTED VISITOR

Miss Michi Kawai, perhaps the most outstanding woman in Japan, is in this country speaking at many missionary gatherings. She came to the United States at the invitation of the Committee of Women's Work of the Foreign Missions Conference of N. A.

Miss Kawai is the author of the interdenominational study book *Japanese Women Speak.* Miss Kawai has been Secretary of the Japanese National Y.W.C.A. but at present conducts a school of her own along new lines—bringing daughters of the "first families" in contact with the daughters of the common people. She was a one time representative of Japan at Geneva.

It was a great privilege to hear this remarkable woman speak of the work of Christ in her land. In accepting the invitation to come on this journey Miss Kawai said: "Let it be a prayer pilgrimage. My country needs the prayers and intercessions of your country. It is beyond my power to explain away many problems which are stumbling blocks to us here. There must be many who are ready to weep with us and suffer with us to have the Kingdom of God born in this land. I am selfish enough to say that my going to your country is for what I shall gain there. I must gain love—Christian love, Christian forgiveness, Christian fellowship of your people for the Christians here in Japan. Yes I shall come with pleading.

"My people are taking notice of my going and the invitation extended to me by your Christian agency has had much weight with those who are interested in International affairs."

SEED TIME AND HARVEST

Part of the Report of the Efficiency Secretary, Monongahela Presbyterial

Except that it is a complete reversal of seasons, we might compare our Fall and Spring Presbyterial meetings to the seed time and harvest of a farmer. A farmer plants his seeds in the spring and harvests in the fall; his rest period occurs during the winter. We rest during the summer, present our plan of work for the year at the Fall Presbyterial, that is planting our seeds, and the annual reports given at the Spring Presbyterial is the gathering in of the harvest.

The Presbyterial secretaries' meetings that have taken place are the early plantings.

In line with these meetings the Efficiency Committee called a meeting of the Efficiency Secretaries of our Presbytery Sept. 29. Plans were formulated and ideas exchanged, the results of which we expect to cultivate during the winter.

To be efficient we must know how things are done. In order to learn the routine of presbyterial business each society should be represented at the Presbyterial Executive meetings.

The first five and the tenth points on the Standard of Efficiency have been changed. At your next meeting let the Efficiency Secretary state these changes. This is the main season of the year for work. Aim for 100 per cent.

Some societies are just booming ahead. At their May meeting they discussed the points they needed to work up; they began to get the soil ready early.

The first point is the one to concentrate upon. With an increase in membership it logically follows that there will be an increase in contributions, in Thank Offering, perhaps in tithers, and in subscriptions to *The Womens Missionary Magazine.*

The Efficiency Secretaries could make a large copy of the standard, no matter how crudely it might be made, keep it in front of the members month after month, and check off at each meeting any point that had been accomplished. The secretary does not even need to say anything, she can just hold the enlarged copy of the standard up like a striker on protest. The secretaries cannot take too much time for after all this is not the heart of the program.

The planting has been started but the harvest depends upon the degree of cultivation of the soil. The points on the Standard of Efficiency are ten crops to be harvested next April. The cultivation must be constant throughout the year.

Mrs. Wm. W. Sandles, McKees Rocks, Pa.

A CALL FOR AARONS AND HURS

Part of the report of the Literature Secretary of Monongahela Presbyterial

In the month just passed, the management of our Women's Missionary Magazine has made it a bit easier for many of our members to become subscribers to the Magazine, through the October Club.

As Literature Secretaries have we measured up in our efforts to bring all our members into personal touch with the Magazine? Or have we failed just because it means work, keeping on the job, and perhaps an occasional rebuff?

In referring to our statistical reports of several years back, we note that there has been a falling off of subscriptions in our Women's Societies. This gives us concern of course. But what is more to our concern is that our Young Women are not taking on as a part of their reading, a publication that discusses the work and problems in connection with our Lord's command "to make disciples of all nations."

The goal set for this year is "Half our members subscribers, Every member a reader of the Magazine."

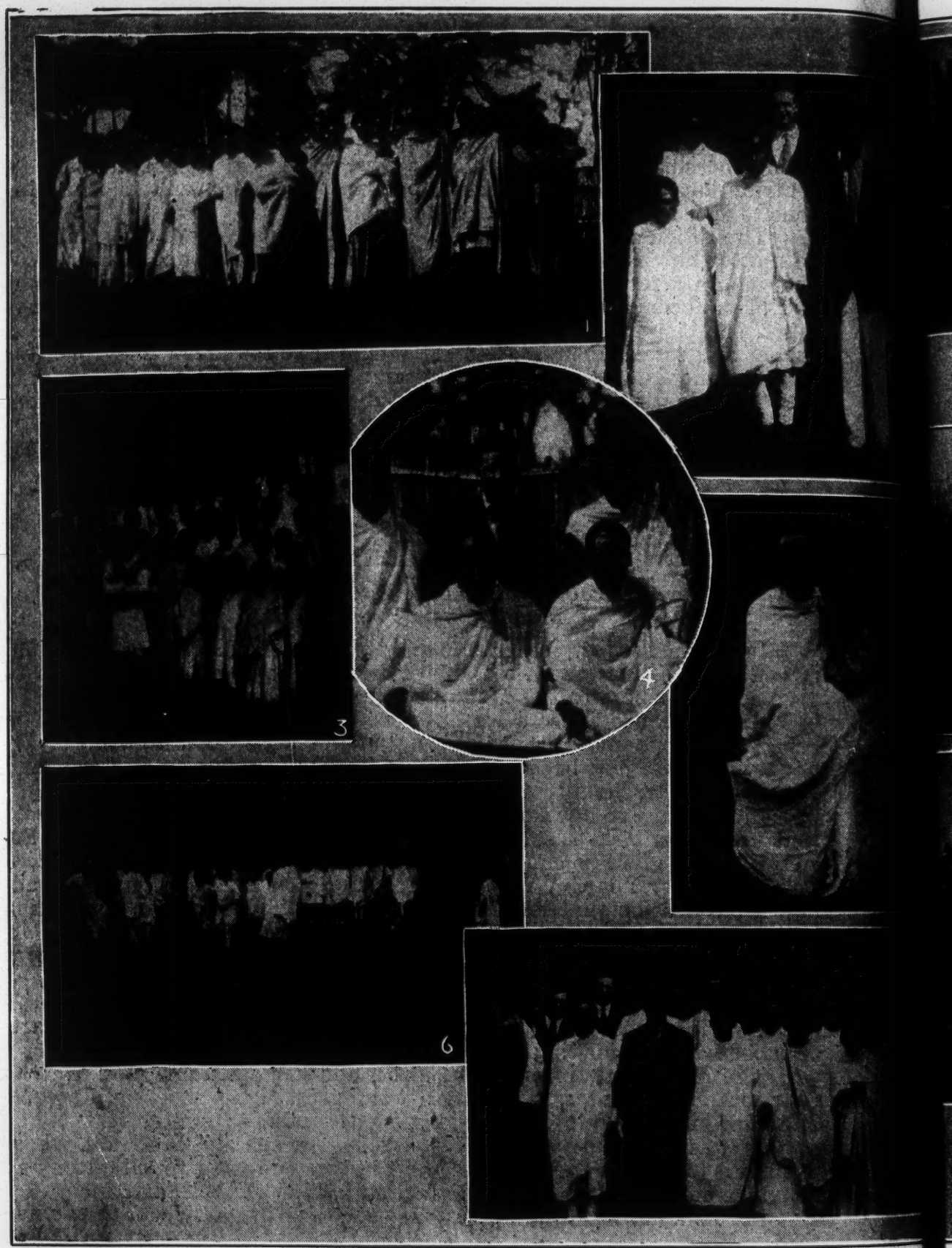
As Magazine agents, may we rally to the challenge, and come up to our Spring Presbyterials bearing reports that will gladden the hearts of those who are making the Magazine possible.

The Magazine, through its Editor, and her assistants, and all who contribute to its pages, is waging a war against ignorance, indifference, and lack of interest in our missionary enterprise.

We, as Literature Secretaries, are the Aarons and the Hurs, whose work it is to uphold the hands of these, as we endeavor to enlighten and convince our members of the mission and value of the Magazine.

Let us keep in mind as we press forward in our work, that when that battle was fought at Rephidim between the children of Israel and the Amalekites that when Moses lifted up his hand the Israelites prevailed, but when his hand was let down the Amalekites prevailed. But because Aaron and Hur steadied the uplifted hands of Moses until the going down of the sun, the Amalekites were defeated and the battle was won.

Mrs. Ralph Arnold, Wilkinsburg, Pa.



ETHIOPIAN P

No. 1, Women's meeting; No. 2, Teachers in Boys' School; No. 3, School; No. 4, Evang
A

No. 1, Home of the Doctors and Nurses; No. 2, Marjorie Faught and her Sabbath School Class of boys; M
chant in Ethiopia; No. 5, Miss Ruth Nichol—"With two of my big girls"; No. 6, The Girls Boarding Sch
for six m

(Turn to Pages 12

AND PLACES

. 5, Hadi Nessie; No. 6, Congregation leaving church; No. 7, Sabbath School Teachers.

BA

orge Memorial Hospital; No. 4, Founer—a former student in Assiut College, Assiut, Egypt. Now a mer- by Her Highness the Empress of Ethiopia; No. 7, Marjorie Faught and an Ethiopian Baby—"We had him a hospital."

for references.)

GO FORWARD

F—ace the task.
O—bey His command.
R—ead His Word.
W—itness in daily life.
A—sk Him for guidance.
R—ely on His power.
D—are to go forward.

This acrostic by Mrs. H. C. Dean appeared in a recent issue of *The Presbyterian Survey*. It is so appropriate at this time as we follow the Denominational Program that we present it to our readers. It would be a good exercise in each society to study this challenge, point by point.

What is our task? In view of the present program of the church, what is our part in this task?

What is His command? Have we ever discovered the supreme command of the Master? Are we willing to obey his command?

Are we reading the Word daily? Are we willing to follow the Daily Readings suggested for the year?

Are we witnessing in daily life? by our walk? Are we willing to witness by our words also?

Are we depending upon our fine organization? Our program? Our plans? Or are we asking His guidance day by day?

Are we depending upon human wisdom and excellent speeches and rousing rallies to carry the program through? Or are we willing to admit our own impotence without the power of the Holy Spirit?

Do we want to go forward? Or have we become so benumbed by the constant reiteration of our "present situation" that we feel paralyzed and unable to move? Are we daring women? Do we dare go forward?

The answer rests with each one.

WORLD DAY OF PRAYER

We have not space this month to print the releases sent out by the World Day of Prayer Committee to all Missionary publications, but the little report from Tanta Egypt which has come in one of these articles should inspire us as we prepare for the observance of the Day.

"At six-thirty we went to the dining room to have morning prayers with our girls as usual. After prayers I was surprised to see all rise from their chairs and go to their bedrooms; then I learned that, with the exception of the five-year-olds every child in the boarding department was planning to fast on this, the Christians' 'Day of Prayer.' The whole school joined in a special service at 10 a. m. Each class had its special burden of prayer: China with its floods; India with its earthquake; Austria, France and Japan with their difficulties were all remembered. The eight-year-olds prayed for America. I was ashamed when I heard them plead that God would take away the wine and strong drink from our beloved America. The five-year-olds prayed for Egypt and our own school, its teachers and children. They were quiet and reverent, and so glad to have had a part in this great chain of prayer. Surely God has blessed us richly today. Our hearts are filled with joy and peace and love."

THANK OFFERING DEPARTMENT

EDITED BY MRS. O. H. MILLIGAN.
Thank Offering Secretary
905 Publication Building, 9th St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Thanksgiving on the Plantation

De cotton done been picked an' ginned,
De 'taters all in banks
An' fum de big house to de bahn
We feel like givin' thanks.

Got plenty pinders in mah pile,
Got co'n an' syrup, too;
An' all de hay dat mule can eat,
An' not a thing to do.

Done took mah notes up at de bank,
Paid Boss Man all his rent,
An' now I's been down to de sto'
An' squa'ed up eve'y cent.

I felt like givin' up one time,
Done git so fur behin',
I thought I'd quit an' go up North;
Sho glad I changed mah min'.

Been long time since I felt so good,
Wid all mah debtses paid,
An' eve'ybody talkin' 'bout
De great big crop I made.

Boll weazels sho been good to me,
Ain' nevah touched mah fiel';
Dat's huccum I c'n pay mah bills
An' buy a au'mobile.

Jes waitin' now for Mister Fo'd
To staht dem Lizzies out,
Den me an' mah ole 'oman's gwine
To ride dis country 'bout.

Yes, suh, de President am right
To p'int Thanksgivin' Day,
When us can go an' thank de Lo'd
For what done cum our way.

—Rev. W. G. Wilson, Camden, Ala.

Very soon all the people of our land, North, South, East and West as well as those living on the plantation, will assemble in their different churches to praise God for His blessings to them during the year. No other holiday on our calendar is like the one we are observing the last Thursday of November. It celebrates no great man's birthday but it is the great holiday of all people who come together to thank God for the blessings they have received.

During the year of prosperity we recalled on Thanksgiving Day the great material gains of the nation, of the state, of the community, and of the family. In these last few years we have been thinking much of the lack of material things. We think of the many in need of food, shelter and raiment. As we come now again to the Thanksgiving holiday are we coming with thankful hearts, or are we thinking of the things we do not have? We are to give thanks in everything. God is our loving Father in every circumstance of life. We are learning anew the love and provision of our Father. He is multiplying the little we have and makes it supply our essential needs. He has opened our eyes to those needing relief and it is making us willing to share with others. T h i s helpful spirit has brought new joy into our own lives and a greater interest in others. We have been led to change our valuation of things and turn from the things which are seen to the things which are not seen. Then we have every reason to be filled with thanksgiving.

The first Thank Offering of our pioneer fathers was not observed amid great prosperity. It had been a time of severe hardship and of great suffering for them all.

The Pilgrim Fathers bowed the head
in gratitude,
A year had measured out its days
since first
New England's shores upon their
vision burst,
Rocky, and bare of either rest or
food.
But they, with faith and earnest
zeal imbued,
Spite thinning ranks had wrung
from ground accurst
The scanty yield. They trusted that
the worst
Was o'er, and all the blessing of the
year reviewed.

Let us come to this holiday with gratitude and praise, thinking of His provision for us.

We come to Thee again, O Lord,
With humble hearts of praise,
And thank Thee for the blessings
which
So well have crowned our days!
Let this day be synonymous
With each glad heart that lives,
As throbs mark time in gratitude
While Thy hand heals and gives.

We thank Thee, Lord, that we've a
day
On which we kneel in prayer,
As nation-wide, we turn to Thee
And thank Thee for Thy care.
Beneficence, health, worldly gain—
Yes, all that Thou hast lent
To add to our experience,
And make our lives content!

We thank Thee, Lord, that we've
desire
To use those lessons sent
So that the past may help to mould
The future, as 'twas meant.
Then as we profit by our gains,
As onward leads our way,
We pause to lift our hearts in
prayer,
And thank Thee for this day!

His greatest gift to all was His Son, Jesus Christ. God loved the sinful world so much that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should have everlasting life. This annual Thank Offering season gives us again an opportunity of expressing our gratitude by our gifts. Let us come

recounting our blessings of the 365 days of the year and present our love offering to Him.

For all good gifts around us
Are sent from Heaven above;
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love.

QUESTIONS FOR MONTHLY PROGRAM

There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.—Prov. 11:24.

I. For what are you thankful—1. As a Christian woman? 2. As a member of a Christian home? 3. As a member of Christ's Church? 4. As a citizen of a Christian nation? 5. As a daughter of the King?

"Heirs to the kingdom of Jesus the Lord.
Go tell the world of His love;
Publish the blessings that flow from His word,
Go tell the world of His love;
Love that has purchased redemption from sin,
Love that makes happy the spirit within.
Love that will help us our conquest to win.
Go tell the world of his love."

NEW LIST OF SUPPLIES

1935 THANK OFFERING SUPPLIES

SENIOR HELPS

PAGEANTS

DEDICATED UNTO THE LORD (New)	Mrs. Harriet S. Boobyer	10c
THE DECISION (New—10 Characters)	Mary H. Hendrix	10c
TRANSFERRED TREASURES	Mrs. John Heslip	10c
THE ANGEL OF THE THANK OFFERING	Jeannette Ingram Rees	10c
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History of the Thank Offering	Mrs. O. H. Milligan
Why Barketi Was Thankful	Miss Emma Dean Anderson
A Thank Offering Service in Assiut	Miss Mary L. Thompson
Egyptian Givers	Miss Elizabeth R. Balleny
The Thank Offering—What It Is—What It Does	Mrs. O. H. Milligan
Egypt's Thank Offering Story	Mrs. Grace G. Finley
Life Directorship	Mrs. H. C. Campbell
The Christian's Song of Thanksgiving	Mrs. Mary Closkey Porter
How Can We Increase Our Thank Offering	Mrs. Walter M. Hopping
Seven Reasons Why Young Women Should Give Thank Offerings	Mrs. W. R. McMunn
The Thankful Heart	Mrs. John W. Bickett
Gifts to Christ (New)	(Selected)
Where Do You Live—Poem	Josephine Pollard
An Appeal From a Thank Offering Box—Poem	Mrs. A. J. Carnahan
The Little Blue Box—Poem	Mrs. Mary Clokey Porter
Give Christ the Best—Poem	Selected
27 Questions and Answers for Secretaries	Mrs. O. H. Milligan

Thank Offering Season in Egypt.....Miss Minnehaha Finney
A Place for Small Gifts.....Mrs. Mary Clokey Porter
How to Settle the Missionary Problem.....Willis R. Hotchkiss
Life Membership Fund.....Mrs. J. B. Hill
For Roll Call—Gleanings on Giving
Thank Offering Questions for Monthly Program (10 in set)...Mrs. Arthur A. Charles
The Evolution of the Jug Habit.....Miss Jane Martin
Duties of a Thank Offering Secretary.....Mrs. O. H. Milligan
At Life's Daily Crossing.....Mrs. O. H. Milligan
Gratitude.....Mrs. O. H. Milligan
Prayer Our Best Preparation.....Mrs. O. H. Milligan
My Mite Box
Thank Offering Service Invitation
Thank Offering Poster
Envelopes—Senior, Young Women's and Junior
Boxes—Senior and Junior

JUNIOR HELPS

PAGEANTS

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LEAFLETS

Little Brother's Offering.
Story of Hanim.
Egyptian Junior's Thank Offering Service.
The Junior Thank Offering—Why?
The Story the Mite-Box Told—(New)
Maggie's Gift.
The Flower Gift.
Boy's Thank Offering.
"Self-Denial Week.
The Gift Without the Giver.
The Missionary Potato.

Boxes, Posters, Invitations, Envelopes, Leaflets—free for postage.
Thank Offering boxes 30 cents per dozen to other denominations.
Leaflets, 20 cents a dozen to other denominations.

SUGGESTIONS

PLEASE order all supplies early and enclose postage with order for free literature. Twenty-five boxes require the pound rate of postage and 50 boxes two pound rate. Mail orders to MRS. O. H. MILLIGAN, 905 Publication Building, Ninth Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The 1934 Thank Offering books of the General Treasurer close January 1, 1935 for this year's Thank Offering. Do not delay sending the money received at the annual ingathering. The treasurer of the Missionary Society sends the money to the Presbyterial Treasurer and she in turn remits to the General Treasurer. The Life Directorship money and Life Membership money is a part of the Thank Offering. Do not fail to send the name of the life director or the life member with the money. Certificates will be issued as soon as money, accompanied by the name and address, is received.

SENIOR LIFE MEMBERS

$25.00 Each
From August 1, 1934 to Sept. 1, 1934

9. Mrs. Margaret Kelsey French, Clifton, O.
By the Clifton W. M. S.

$35.00 Each
From September 1 to October 1, 1934

10. Mrs. Myrtle T. Kindle, New Concord, O. By her sister, Mrs. Lotta T. Morrow, in memory of her parents.

YOUNG WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT

Edited by the Young Women's General Secretary,
MISS IDA B. LITTLE,
1503 Dormont Ave., So. Hills Br., Pittsburgh, Pa.

AIMS—1. To have a Circle or a Y. W. Society in every congregation.
2. To give loyal support to each of the Seven Departments.
3. To so increase the Special Fund as to include an object in Egypt.

Thoughts to Ponder—"One says, 'A good idea!' Another says, 'A good idea! I'll work for it!' Which wins?" Be "doers of the word" today.

YOUNG WOMEN'S SPECIAL WORK

Support of Girls' Boarding School, Pasrur, India, $4,350. Salaries—Home—Mrs. Hazel A. Birnbach, Matron of Dormitory, Frenchburg, Ky.; Mrs. Eva J. Adams, R. N., Superintendent of Jubilee Hospital, Henderson, N. C.; Miss Sallie E. Dickey, Chicago, Ill., $2,680; Foreign—Mrs. Ruth Lobaugh Walker, Gore, Ethiopia; Miss Mary Cole, Khartoum North, Sudan, $1,600. Total askings, $8,630.

NEW YOUNG WOMEN'S SOCIETIES OR TEEN AGE CIRCLES

Have you organized one and neglected to furnish the items for publication? Are you in a congregation where there are several classes for girls in the Sabbath School but no missionary organization for the same girls? Bible Study is most important—it should not be overlooked. Neither should this practical method for putting the teachings of the Word into force be neglected. Let us aim for a record number of new societies to report at the 1935 Convention.

THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAL TO EARN A PENNANT?

Shall it be in the east, west or midway between? In the May Magazine, reference was made to the fact that Arkansas Valley Presbyterial was almost one hundred per cent organized as to young women's societies—just one congregation, so the secretary said, without such an organization! Now comes the report from San Francisco Presbyterial that but two congregations are without societies. Miss Genevieve Irvine, the Y. W. Secretary, said—"That item from the secretary of Arkansas Valley stirred me up to work harder to get a circle in every congregation." Which of these presbyterials will be wholly organized first? Or will some other presbyterial outdistance both of them?

It might be well for societies to refresh their memory on the other *nine* points. The pennant comes when the *ten* points are met. There will be a pennant for every presbyterial that complies with the requirements. This is an interesting fact for it means that none need wait a number of years in order to qualify. It depends on the *interest* taken by each presbyterial as to *when* it shall be able to spread abroad its pennant.

Secure *book-mark* pennants from the Literature Department, 904 Publication Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa., for postage only.

THE YOUNG WOMEN'S SPECIAL AND OTHER FUNDS

What system do you follow in the matter of payment of funds to the presbyterial treasurer? Do you remit monthly or quarterly or only once a year—and that at the close of the year? Even though a large sum be not realized, it is best to put it into circulation as soon as possible. It may help in the work if it be allowed to go its way but will be of no value to it lying in a bank.

A presbyterial treasurer expressed herself recently as distressed at the small return from societies for Y. W. Special objects thus far this fall. Is it possible that societies *put off* beginning to meet these obligations until late in the year? It is true that we are living under a strain these days due to limited in-

comes, but not every one is so hindered. Will not those who are able to pay do their best in order to make up for those who are so willing to do when they can, but are now financially embarrassed?

USE OR ABUSE?

One writing under this topic commented on the two words as very similar yet "the difference is as distant as the dividing line between preservation and destruction."

The two words make up life and its activities. We are accustomed to think of the careless and evil-minded person only as living under the reign of the second word and expect the professing Christian to use well her time, talents and personality.

At a conference recently, a devotional leader made a special point on how even a Christian may misuse or abuse her God-given privileges. She referred to that circumstance in Old Testament history where a man was entrusted with the care of a prisoner and "while he was *busy* here and there" the prisoner vanished. The speaker applied this thought to present everyday life when one of the most common excuses for failing in duty is "I am *so busy*" with things! A couplet comes to mind— "The chipmunk darting in and out is busy, too,—*BUT WHAT ABOUT?!*"

We are prone to use our time as we please, we say, forgetting that not even Jesus claimed this privilege. Are we greater than our Master that we dare make such an assertion? When we find ourselves forgetful of the comfort or state of others, thinking only of self, we may be assured that we are on the brink of abuse if not a bit over the edge.

There is no place where use is so likely to become abuse as in the realm of Christian service. Satan sends his best emissaries to defeat God's children right here. Our manner in performing the task may offend one of the "little ones," or we may do our work in a shabby way. Occasionally there is comment on "dry" missionary meetings. What excuse for this when there is such a wealth of vital and interesting material to draw from?

Did you ever hear of a group of high school or older girls putting on a so-called missionary program which consisted of passing a Magazine from girl to girl, each reading her bit? That was not the *use* of the Magazine but its *abuse* as well as of the program! How could such an organization hope to have a successful career? Such abuse has no excuse, not even lessons or other duties serving as an alibi.

One of the best lessons a girl may desire to learn is to know how to budget her time. If she can but fit her life into the home, school, community, church and the great outside world to make the best use of her opportunity as a Christian, happy should she be! Her best belongs to God.

May this be a great year for new and growing societies! May a record attendance and faithful performance prove that this generation is keen to *use* time, talent, personality and opportunity to God's glory!

METHODS

An effort is made to present one or more items from each program received. The names of contributors are given so that you may correspond with them if you desire special information. Beginning with this number, the names of contributors will appear in block, each numbered to correspond with item furnished.

1. Miss Ruth Mahan, 232 Harrison St., Evans City, Pa.—Y.W.M.S.
2. Miss Agnes Wells, 20 Church St., Oneonta, N. Y.—Y.W.M.S.
3. Mrs. C. A. Eakin, Grove City, Pa.—W.M.S.
4. Miss Martha Klingensmith, Grove City, Pa.—Mission Circle.

5. Miss Margaret Cummins, Indiana, Pa.—Y.W.M.S.
6. Mrs. Margaret Baughman, 103 Watkins Ave., Bellevue, Pa.—Mission Circle.
7. Mrs. Herbert Wood, Gibsonia, Pa.—Y.W.M.S.

1. The Evans City Society has as its special name "The Shields Missionary Society," honoring Dr. and Mrs. Shields of the Sudan. Two shields cut out of white paper are the only cover adornment. This society is new but is doing good. It sent tray covers to a Southern Mission and made a quilt for a needy home. The writer made this comment: "The girls are always willing to take part in the meeting or whatever there is to do."

2. An effective devotional service was entitled "The Christian Home." A mother was surrounded by her daughters who had returned home for Mother's Day. All lights except those needed for the "family" were extinguished. One daughter sang the song—"My Mother's Bible." Another read the story of Hannah, the ideal mother. Prayer and appropriate remarks closed the service. An original playlet, "Mother's Memories," was presented. One scene depicted a mother with a basket of trinkets—baby's shoes, a bit of Mary's school dress. Another showed the happy Sabbath together, Mother and daughter poring over the Book and singing songs of praise. Then came college and finally the daughter home again with mother.

3. The Alice Dodds Society places stress on the roll call touching on missions, stewardship and God's promises. An unusual feature is a birthday offering.

4. Definite Bible study is a part of the work of the year. Why not? Is not the Bible the best book on the subject of missions?

5. This booklet has a nice collection of poems, each program being "faced" by one. Blank pages at the back of the book anticipate individual remarks by each member answering the query, "How I helped my society and how my society helped me?"

6. The 6th. Church, N. S. Pittsburgh, has stressed prayer by placing on the cover these words—"Pray without ceasing." On a page is this quotation—"The church in its integrity and unity requires worldwide prayer to meet its worldwide mission." Besides it has a stated time for a prayer circle and uses the Prayer Cycle in its monthly meetings. The watch word of the society is *triple*, "Trust, Delight, Commit," the initial words of a three verse poem.

7. "Mother and Daughter Birthday Party." The mothers of the girls were special guests, all sitting down to a noon luncheon and enjoying a mothers' program as well as a short history of the local society, twenty-three years of age. Of the original forty-eight, but eight are still in the society. The closing prayer was that the young women should be faithful, taking the places made vacant when the mothers are called home. The "Family Tree" as presented in the May Magazine was the subject for the day. When the roll was called—guests and members — twenty-one mothers, twenty-two grandmothers and five great-grandmothers were of the number. The great-grandmothers as a special favor received beautiful boquets of garden flowers with a *wish* attached, "that they might live to have another *great* prefixed!"

GIRLS' CIRCLE PROGRAM

By Mrs. J. C. Smith, 1860 Shaw Ave., East Cleveland, Ohio

NEW ADVENTURES IN AN OLD, OLD LAND

GENERAL DIRECTIONS

The theme is—Building.

Have at hand three pyramids, the bases of which should be about one foot square. They may be built on blocks of wood with an upright stick like a tent pole in the center of the square. Wires or string may be stretched tight to the four corners of the block of wood. Gray or brown paper or cloth may be stretched from wire to wire cutting the material to fit, thus making the pyramid. Have ready three bands of paper or cloth which will stretch about the four sides of each base with these four words printed on each of the four sides of the bases—Love, Prayer, Gifts, Service. Have them ready to be pinned on as the program proceeds.

Also have these words printed so that they may be pinned or pasted to the four sides of the pyramids—

For the Pyramid of Training—
Teachers
Kindergarten teachers
Bible women
Nurses

For the Pyramid of Evangelism—
The Printed Page
Community Centers
Clubs
Hostels

For the Pyramid of Accomplishment-
Hospitals
Schools
Churches
Christian Homes

INVITATION

In the upper left corner of correspondence cards sketch a group of small pyramids. A small cut-out brown paper camel is pasted in either the upper of lower right corner. Connect pyramids and camel with a suggestion of sand, using a tan crayon. Then print this verse—

Going to see
Pyramids old and pyramids new-
Jump on your camel and you come, too.
(Meet at.....place.....time.)

POSTER

Use a design similar to the invitation design with a caravan of camels, some date palms, etc. Use the same verse.

DEVOTIONS

Leader—We are going to continue our adventures into Egypt today. Old Egypt is typified by the pyramid, the tomb of the kings, symbol also of their ancient religion. (Tells a little of the ancient beliefs. See Book of Knowledge or any encyclopedia.) This religion has disappeared, being replaced by Mohammedianism, the Coptic religion, and the Christian religion taught by our missionaries.

We may also build new pyramids typifying not death, but new and abundant life for Egypt, if built upon the foursquare base whose sides are Love, Prayer, Gifts, and Service. (Fastens bands about the bases of the three Pyramids.)

(The Scripture and Song Service is responsive—the Leader reading the scripture, the girls singing the songs as response.)

Leader—John 3:16, John 13:34, 35
Response—Bible Songs Hymnal—No. 201; stanzas 1, 2
Leader—John 14:13, 14
Response—No. 251; stanzas 1, 3
Leader—Matt. 6:19-21
Response—No. 125; stanza 1
Leader—Matt. 28:19, 20
Response—No. 97; stanza 1
Leader—(Question for meditation and prayer) Shall I make it the purpose of my life to serve self or

to serve others? (Allow three minutes silence, closing with the prayer poem.)

"O Thou who dost the vision send
And gives to each his task,
And with the task sufficient strength,
Show us thy will, we ask;
Give us a conscience bold and good
Give us a purpose true
That it may be our highest joy,
Our Father's work to do."

Leader—The first new pyramid for Egypt based on Love, Prayer, Gifts, and Service of those in the home church is the Pyramid of Special Training.

(A Circle girl demonstrates this pyramid, using material in October *Womens Missionary Magazine* — pages 71-74. She speaks of the four sides of training—Teachers, Kindergarten teachers, Bible Women, and Nurses.)

Leader—Our second pyramid is the Pyramid of Evangelism. (Another girl demonstrates this pyramid using the four sides—The Printed Page, Community centers, Clubs, and Hostels.

Leader—Our third pyramid is the Pyramid of Accomplishment. (A third girl demonstrates this pyramid, using the four sides—Hospitals, Schools, Evangelism which is village work and work with the women in their homes, and native Christian homes. Use the Prayer Cycle to name the hospitals, schools, and evangelistic work done. When telling of homes use the material on page 78.

Close with a circle of sentence prayer for training schools, community centers, hospitals, etc. Slips may be given out suggesting "Prayer Pyramids" at the beginning of the meeting. Make the prayers definite.

SOCIAL HOUR

Play Missionary Charades. Use your Prayer Cycles to suggest names of Egyptian missionaries that may be used successfully. Perhaps the opposing side may need to use Prayer Cycles to guess, too!

BOOK OF THE MONTH

The Egyptian Princess—Ebers or *Swords Against Carthage*—Donaver.

Fiction, with historical Egyptian background.—Ask at your local library.

THE PROMISING YOUNG WOMAN

She's a very promising young woman—
She promised to attend Sunday school regularly
But she didn't.
She promised to go after a new member;
But she didn't.
She promised to be at a committee meeting;
But she wasn't.
She promised some missionary money;
But she never brought it.
In short, she makes dozens of promises,
But promptly forgets them.
Yes, she's a promising young woman,
In one sense.
But far from promising in the usual
Sense of the word.

—*The Evangel.*

LIFE IN THE FOWLER ORPHANAGE

A One Act Play, With Three Scenes

By Miss Clara Taylor, Des Moines, Iowa

TIME: The Present

SCENE I: Inside the orphanage. Characters: A group of eight or ten Egyptian girls 12 or 14 years of age, inmates of the orphanage, sewing, reading, playing with dolls, preparing food. They are all dressed in old clothes and shoes with old scarfs thrown over their heads and shoulders. Another girl comes in and reads the following description of the orphanage while the above is going on.

PROLOGUE

Many years ago Mr. and Mrs. Fowler were taking a trip through Egypt. During the course of their journey, they saw many poor, ragged, little children who had no homes and no one to care for them. They became so interested in these children that they collected money and donated much of their own to establish an orphan's home. This home was built in Cairo, Egypt, and called the Fowler Orphanage, in honor of the donors.

Miss Margaret Smith, called the "Mother of a Thousand Daughters in Egypt," took charge of the home. She spent the greater part of her life in this work, and has now gone to her heavenly home. Miss Ella Barnes is now taking Miss Smith's place.

The Fowler Orphanage is a Faith Project, supported entirely by the gifts which come in answer to prayer. When food supplies are low, the girls, with their teachers go to the little room called the Prayer Room (set aside for the purpose), and ask God for their needs, which have always been supplied. Three interesting books keep the records at the orphanage:

1. The Journal, which keeps a record of all the gifts received.

2. A Line a Day, contains brief accounts of Daily events.

3. Thanksgivings, a book in which a word of praise and thanks was written for daily blessings.

Our dramatization this evening will tell one story in the life of the Fowler Orphanage. (She exits, as do all but four of the girls on the stage. Those remaining are Shafeega, Ester, Saneya, and Fareeda.)

SHAFEEGA: (Rising from the floor where she has been preparing food, walks to the center of the stage, wringing her hands in despair.) I just can't sit in this work! Dishes three times a day! Dusting, over and over, with sand all over everything! Scrub, scrub, scrub! I just can't sit in this work!

FAREEDA: (Rising from the floor where she has been sewing, goes over and puts her arm around Shafeega.) I'll help you, Shafeega. Come on, we'll soon be through.

SHAFEEGA: (Jerking loose.) At home we don't have dishes. We don't dust, either, and never think of scrubbing the floor! I tell you, I just can't sit in this work! (She "stomps" out.)

FAREEDA: (Turning to the other two girls) Come, Saneya and Ester, let us clean up the kitchen and get the food ready. (They all three start straightening things up, when Fareeda discovers a shortage of bread.) The bread is nearly gone. There is just one loaf left for all of us.

SANEYA: Oh, I think we shall have enough.

ESTER: Miss Barnes and two of the girls spent an hour in the Prayer Room, asking God to send us food. We know He loves us and we shall soon have more to eat. How thankful we ought to be!

SCENE II. In Miss Barnes' office.

Characters: Miss Barnes. Servant Boy. Baheya, a timid little Egyptian orphan girl about 8 years old.

MISS BARNES: (Seated at her desk reading the Bible verse for the day, aloud. Luke 12:6 and 7. She closes the Bible.) I have been here for twenty years and my Heavenly Father has always supplied my needs. (A knock on the door) Come in. (The door opens and the servant boy ushers in a ragged little girl.)

MISS BARNES: Good morning, little girl.

BAHEYA: (Timidly) Good morning, Lady.

MISS BARNES: Where did you come from and what is your name?

BAHEYA: My village is Melloway and my name is Baheya.

MISS BARNES: You have come a long way. Did you travel by donkey?

BAHEYA: I walked, because we have no donkey.

MISS BARNES: (Putting her arm around Baheya) You must be tired. Does your mother know you are here?

BAHEYA: I have no mother.

MISS BARNES: Poor little girl! And your father? Where is he?

BAHEYA: He is gone, too.

MISS BARNES: With whom did you live in Melloway?

BAHEYA: My grandmother, but she cannot keep me any longer. (Twisting her shawl) Could I come and live with you and your girls?

MISS BARNES: (Again putting her arm around Baheya) We would be very happy to have you, but alas (shaking her head) we do not have enough money to take care of another girl. Why do you want to come, Baheya?

BAHEYA: Fareeda told me about it, and she said you were kind. Also (twisting her shawl) I want to learn the stories you tell.

MISS BARNES: What stories, Baheya?

BAHEYA: About your Jesus, who loves little children. I will learn them to tell in my village.

MISS BARNES: We will find room for you Baheya, we will pray to God and ask Him to send us the money to keep you here.

BAHEYA: Thank you, Lady. Thank you. Thank you. (Exits)

MISS BARNES: (Walking over to center stage) The thought of my friend, Mrs. Stout, in Des Moines, Iowa, warms my heart. If she only knew ——

SCENE III. (Servent enters bringing the American Post handing it to Miss Barnes, who is seated at her desk).

Letter Read Aloud

Dear Miss Barnes:

For many days I have been thinking of you and your work among the orphan girls. During these hard times your faith must be tested on many occasions. We have a group of girls in our church who are interested in missionary giving, and are laying aside a special self-denial offering each month for that purpose.

Many times we have talked of Miss M. Smith and her devotion—read stories of your work and seen pictures of some of your homeless children, all of which has created a deep interest in the orphanage, and so it was decided by this group of girls to send our money to you.

You will find a bank draft enclosed which we are sending with the hope that some little girl will be able to enter your home and learn of the Love of Jesus. May you be blessed in the receiving as we have been in the giving.

Yours in the Master's Name
Mary Stout.

Miss Barnes sends for Baheya—(Baheya enters).

(*Continued on page* 163)

INDIAN DEPARTMENT

MRS. ARTHUR B. McBRIDE, Secretary, 847 Thorne St., Sewickley, Pa.

INDIAN ARROWS

The drive for employment of Indians in the Indian Service has gone vigorously ahead this year. There are 5,325 persons, Indians and whites, holding regular classified positions in the Indian service. Of these 1,785 are Indians, 489 of whom have been appointed this year.

Mrs. Patterson's Sabbath School Class, Tama, Iowa.

20,017 is the total number of Indians reported employed in all branches of Indian work—regular, irregular and emergency — as of June 30, 1934.

—From "Indians at Work"

An epidemic of whooping cough has been raging this summer in Warm Springs. Many children have been afflicted and a number of babies have died.

Thanks to those who sent donations of clothing material, toys, and quilt patches to Tama. Many children have new clothes and two little new babies were outfitted.

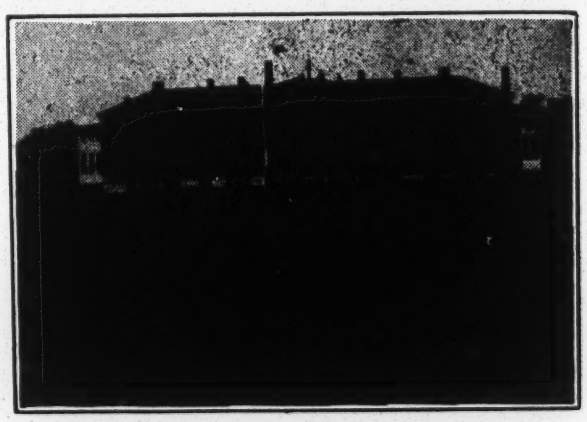
These ten little Indian girls standing on our Tama Chapel steps are in Mrs. F. C. Patterson's Sabbath School Class. Do Missions Pay?

"That our daughters may be as cornerstones, polished after the similitude of a palace!"

There are 93,000 church attendants among the 350,000 Indians in the United States. These Indians have about 1,000 meeting houses, and 630 pastors and missionaries are at work among them.

COMMUNION AT THE SANATORIUM

Early in July one of the girls of the Sanatorium, who was confined to her bed, asked the nurse if she could have communion. The nurse told Rev. Patterson, our missionary, and he was very glad to have this



Tubercular Sanatorium, Tama ,Iowa

opportunity for this service. Preparatory services were held, presenting the Gospel story and explaining the Sacrament. On the Sabbath preceding Communion the invitation was given and five of the young people responded. Further instruction was given to these young people who wished to confess Christ as their Savior. Two of these were discharged from the Sanatorium and taken home by their parents before the next Sabbath, when the Communion Service was to be held.

Rev. B. M. Wallace came with the session of our Traer, Iowa

Pearl Owen and Loretta West—Two patients in the Tubercular Sanitarium.

church (the provisional session of our Tama church) and gave a message on "The Bread of Life." Thirteen Indians communed in this service and three who were bed-fast had communion taken to them. Mr. Robert Wallace, a nephew of Rev. Wallace of Traer and an elder of Coraopolis, Pa., helped serve the elements.

Arthur St. Pierre of South Dakota aged 15 years, who had been in the Sanatorium for seven years, and Pearl Owen of South Dakota and Loretta West of Nebraska, communed for the first time at this service. We welcome them into the love and fellowship of our church.

"And I saw another angel flying in midheaven, having eternal good tidings to proclaim unto them that dwell on the earth, and unto every nation, and tribe, and tongue, and people."

INGENUITY

After a visit to the enterprising Navajos Dr. Nash writes: "We have all heard of the man who met the wolf at the door and appeared the next morning with a new fur coat; but the Indians at the Northern Navajo Reservation have gone this one better. The wolf here appeared in the form of a grasshopper plague. The alfalfa fields were disappearing, peach trees were being stripped, melon fields were being devastated, and it looked as though 'the grasshoppers had arrived and everything was in their control.' "

The Superintendent was given $1,400 from the Emergency Conservation Relief funds to help get rid of the grasshoppers. Instead of poisoning them, he put on 1,100 young turkeys. These turkeys were herded from place to place and as a result the turkeys were getting fat and the grasshoppers were disappearing. Some of these turkeys were going to appear on the tables of the C. C. C. camps. Talk about ingenuity!

Tatoosh, the Thunder Bird, is one of the great powers in the folk-lore and traditions of the Indians of the Pacific Northwest. He flaps his wings and the thunders roll, the mountains rend, the trees shudder, and the earth rocks. The lightning is the flash of his eye.

The Thunder Bird's picture is painted on the doors of houses and on paddles and canoes and other possessions, and woven into the blankets.

THE STORY TELLER

In every tribe of Indians there is a Story Teller. He relates the folk-lore and legends of the tribe to the children and youths for the purpose of keeping them informed of the history and romance and fanciful beliefs of their forefathers. These legends are sacredly cherished and handed down from generation to generation.

NEGRO DEPARTMENT

Mrs. Ada Kerr Wilson, Secretary of Negro Work, 412 S. Main St., Zelienople, Pa.

Repeal of Prohibition has to its credit (??) an unusual number of automobile accidents. From every section we hear of wrecks, taking lives and causing pain and suffering to many people. Jubilee Hospital reports much of its work at present comes as a result of careless and intoxicated drivers. One evening there were three men brought in—one at twilight. Before he was taken from the operating table, two more were entered—all of them the result of auto wrecks and being run down by careless drivers.

As winter nears, blankets, quilts spreads and bed linen are needed at the hospital. Societies wishing to do something worthwhile for Jubilee, please take notice. Two societies have already sent generous donations—The Ebenezer Society of Butler Presbyterial and the Young Women's Society of the Sixth Church, Pittsburgh. Both of these are most acceptable and fill the need for wanted supplies at present.

Mrs. Lenora Starkey Myatt, who has been working at the Camden Mission for 13 years, found she could not return. Miss Evelyn Luffborough, a graduate of Stillman Institute has been secured to fill the vacancy. Mrs. Myatt, as Lenora Starkey was with the Camden school for 13 years. She was a faithful worker and gave splendid service. She will be missed by both the faculty and students. The enrollment at this school is 326 with more to follow when the cotton picking is completed. Mr. Wilson, the principal, says he is afraid we shall be swamped if they keep on coming. This is what might be termed an "embarrassment of success." In this we rejoice.

The following letter from Thyne Institute, Chase City speaks for itself:—

THYNE INSTITUTE
Chase City, Va.
September 29, 1934.

We opened school on the eleventh of September with a splendid attendance. I do not remember having so many students present the first day. Then they have been coming in ever since. Good prices here have something to do with it. Cotton is selling very well, and tobacco is selling unusually well. The prices are almost equal to war time prices. Of course the tobacco farmers are jubilant. Just what is the cause of such high prices, I hardly know. The AAA has something to do with it, but there must be some other cause. Probably it is an increase in cigaret smoking. The women now are smoking about as many cigarets as the men are. I say that to the shame of those who are guilty.

Another thing. We are having plenty of drunks now in Chase City. The result of Repeal.

I am glad to report an increase in the number in the boarding department. I have not been able to say that for a number of years. We have had fifty-three, but I had to send one of these home, and the mother of a boy got homesick for him and took him home. That is the first experience of that kind I ever had. I am looking for more boarding students.

The teachers supported by the Women's board are here and are on to their jobs. There is no change of workers, except that Mrs. Couch takes Mrs. Shuman's place as sewing teacher. The plan to which you agreed is working out very nicely.

You will probably remember Miss Matthews of Canonsburg, Pa. I am glad to report that she is with us again. A teacher from Iowa could not return.

I have had to drop the music department, as I had to reduce expenses. The County School has agreed to pay the salaries of two grade teachers. That relieves the Board of their support. The County Board ought to do it.

The seventh and eighth grades are organized as Junior High. I think that this plan will work out all right.

I hope that you will receive encouraging reports from all of the missions.

Yours truly,
F. W. Wilson.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT

MRS. J. D. SANDS, Secretary,
5542 Hampton St., E. Liberty Sta., Pittsburgh, Pa.

MISSIONARIES' BIRTHDAYS

DECEMBER

December 6—Miss Mary Kyle.
December 7—Miss Laurella G. Dickson.
December 7—Miss Frances E. Brown.
December 10—Miss Jean Morrison.
December 12—Miss Ruth C. Beatty, R. N.
December 16—Miss Helen Artman.
December 17—Miss Kathryn Beattie.
December 18—Miss Sarah B. Meloy.
December 18—Miss Margaret Fehlman.
December 19—Miss Dora B. Whitely.
December 24—Miss Mary E. Coie.
December 25—Miss Anna B. Criswell.
December 27—Miss Roma Beatty.
December 27—Miss Willa Ramsey.
December 29—Miss Mary R Martin.
December 29—Miss Sara Jane Lamont.

EGYPT

A number of letters have been received from our missionaries returning to the field after furlough telling something of the voyage, its comforts and distresses and pleasures. There were a few days of rough weather but most of the time it was pleasant and accommodations were good. All were in good health and very happy to be back in the needy land to which the Lord has called them. We thank our God for these faithful ones and that He has kept them in safety through dangers seen and unseen. Let us uphold these our representatives in our prayers as they again take up their tasks with renewed enthusiasm and vigor.

Mrs. Mary K. Coventry, who has been in America for more than two years on account of her health, has been located in Benha. She spent a few days in Cairo enjoying her friends. A reception was held for her there and over sixty friends, all Egyptian, greeted her at the Faggala Home. There were present just the pastors and evangelists and the Faggala teachers and their wives and a few others. She had a lovely time seeing those with whom she had formerly worked. She found many changes had taken place during her absence and a number of the faithful workers had passed to their Heavenly Home. The effect of the agitation of two years ago is still keenly felt. As she and her Bible woman go about the stations and into the homes, they have to be very careful in getting into new places.

Miss Dora Mason spent her summer in England visiting her sister and now feels much more able for full work. She expects to make her yearly visit to the kindergartens as soon as she gets the four in Assiut well started. The teacher in the Luxor school, trained by Miss Ruth Williamson at the Kindergarten Training School in Tanta, is to be married at the end of this school year, hence the Luxor school is sending another girl to be trained this year so that she will be ready for the vacancy. The young lady is marrying a preacher. All are so happy that she is fitted to be a real help in founding a Christian home and in helping to train the little

children wherever her lot may be cast.

All our faithful missionaries are hard at work. Let us remember them in our prayers.

INDIA

Miss Jean Morrison of Rawalpindi spent her summer working in Murree, a summer resort high up in the mountains, and writes as follows: "The summer work in Murree is drawing to a close now and it has been our most successful season. The church attendance has been larger and the women's meeting has increased in numbers and interest—usually fifty or sixty present and on special occasions as many as seventy-five. We call it a missionary society but it is organized on very liberal lines. You see we are the only Mission that works in Murree; it is our mission territory but we have members of many denominations in our meetings. The Northern Command moves to Murree in early Spring and stays until Autumn and a great deal of our cantonment work comes up, with servants, clerks, etc. attending. There is an organized church in Rawalpindi Cantonment to carry on the work and while we are in Murree it is not always easy work. The Christians are scattered over a large area. We climb mountains and ford rivers to get to them, and this year we had to pass through a forest fire. We are the only link between this scattered community and the church. We have no property here so are often driven from pillar to post and have moved three times this summer. I have two Bible women working here with me. Once a week they take a very long trip, starting early in the morning and do not get back until after dark. Part of the journey is made on horses. We have had about twenty-five adult baptisms and also have baptized many children. The Church of Scotland allows us the use of the Kirk for our services. Please remember Murree in your Prayer Circle. There has been much poverty in that section of the country and many people had to be helped. They give as much help as possible. The Indian Christians are very sympathetic and help each other, but they are all very poor. Their spiritual need is greater than their material need. The little community that lives here the year round has only the summer service and does not make much progress. None of them can read."

Very few reports have been received on vacation activities but Miss Helen Artman tells a little of her trip to Australia with Dr. Hunsberger. They spent seven weeks traveling in that interesting country. Australia reminds her very much of America. The stores, the houses and everything were very much like those at home and it was almost as good as a little furlough. On the return journey they stopped to see the famous Hindu temple at Madura and then went to Dohnavur, where Miss Amy Carmichael has her mission for rescuing temple children. It was a wonderful place and a great inspiration for both of them. They are now back in Sialkot carrying on hospital work.

Miss Artman tells of some of the meetings she attended before going on her vacation and of the very interesting time at the meeting of Presbytery and Synod, which met in Sialkot. A little later she was privileged to go to Rawalpindi to attend the Women's Synodical and was proud of their Indian women. Miss Nora Bashir-ud-Din was the president and she presided so capably and so gracefully. Few people in America would have done so well.

Miss Artman has been doing some of the district work too. It had been raining a great deal so it was difficult to get out to the villages. One Saturday she went out to a village on her bicycle, a distance of some four or five miles.

She nearly got stuck in the mud but had a good time. "The Christian people of that village are real Christians with a deep desire for the things of God, and it was such a joy to have a little visit with them." After that she went to the home of a Mohammedan woman where she found one or two Christian girls. They went up on the roof under the shade of a large tree. Many Mohammedan neighbors came too and they listened as she told them of Christ and His love. Some were interested and there seemed to be a real hunger and a consciousness of sin in these women which one does not always find. Her prayer is that the Spirit of God may apply the truth.

Mr. Mitchell, the commissioner of the Punjab and the official next to the Governor, was in Sialkot recently. Mr. Crowe brought him to see the Hospital and he expressed himself as greatly pleased.

Several of our missionaries have been reported ill but we hope by this time they are making a good recovery. Let us pray earnestly for all our workers in India as they take up the difficult work of the year.

ETHIOPIA AND THE SUDAN

No news has come to us in the past month from either Ethiopia or the Sudan except a letter from Miss Isabel Blair on her way to Sayo. This letter was written in Khartum North, Sudan, telling of the arrival of their party in Alexandria. She had a nice trip across the Atlantic and went to Sidi-Bishr for two days to await the Sudan train. There she enjoyed meeting many of the missionaries from the different stations. All seemed in good health and spirits. The Smiths and McKnights left for the Sudan on the eve of August 11. Miss Huffman and Miss Blair stopped in Cairo for four days, leaving for Khartum on August 15. Not many were traveling first class so they had things very much to themselves.

They were surprised to find Mrs. Bergsma in Khartum. Two doctors had examined her and told her she must go to America. Dr. Bergsma was to take his family on the next boat to Alexandria and see them off. He expects to return to Sayo for a year, thus allowing time for another doctor to get to the field.

Miss Blair arrived in time to attend the meeting of the Sudan Association, which lasted four days. She spent her time in Khartum North at the Girls' Boarding School and enjoyed it very much. She was much pleased with the little cottages that had recently been put up on the campus. She expected to leave for Gambeila on September 12.

Let us pray for Mrs. Bergsma as she travels homeward with her little family and for Dr. Bergsma as he goes back to a lonely home in Sayo. And let us pray, too, that a doctor may be found to take his place when it is necessary for Dr. Bergsma to leave the field.

LIFE IN THE FOWLER ORPHANAGE

(*Continued from page* 158)

MISS BARNES: God has answered our prayer. The money has come from a group of girls in America. You may stay with us, Baheya—How happy, we are . . .

BAHEYA: (Her face beaming with joy.) May I really stay?

MISS BARNES: Shall we offer a prayer of Thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father?

I will write to these girls in America telling them how they helped God to answer our prayers for you.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT

Mrs. W. R. McMunn, Secretary, 302 Hastings Ave., Oakdale, Pa.

COINS IN ACTION

NOTE: This dramatization is suggested for the use of Junior societies during the months when special attention is being given to the Thank Offering and Junior Special offering.

(Four children, two boys and two girls, each one a little larger than the other, should be dressed to represent Five Cents, Ten Cents, Twenty-five Cents, and Fifty Cents. Paper money—nickels and silver pieces may be sewed on costumes or the names of the coins may be made of silver paper and pinned from the shoulder to the waist. The coins stand together at the front of the platform. A girl dressed in white with the words "Spirit of Love" pinned on her dress stands in the background.)

FIVE CENTS: Although to you I may seem small,
I'm quite important after all.
I'll show you what Five Cents can do
For those who have much less than you.

TEN CENTS: A little silver coin am I.
You may be sure that I shall try
To do my best where'er I go
To help some child the Lord to know.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS: It matters not where'er I'm sent,
In doing good I shall be spent.
Perhaps some lonely child I'll meet,
And help to bring to Jesus feet.

FIFTY CENTS: I'll lift the load from some one's heart,
If I but do my little part.
Lord, keep me humble, this I pray,
As now I journey on my way.

SPIRIT OF LOVE (steps to front of platform and addresses coins): There is great need for each one of you in the lands to which you are being sent, but unless you take the Spirit of Love everywhere you go, you will not ring true, but you will be as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. Go! Spend yourselves in the name of Christ. (Curtain).

CHOIR: Bible Songs Hymnal No. 165, "Tell of His Glory." (Curtain).

(Five small children dressed in Egyptian costume are seated on kindergarten chairs in a circle. Some pictures of animals and cutouts may be pinned on the wall to indicate the work of the children. The children should have blocks in their hands.)

Enter FIVE CENTS followed by Spirit of Love.

FIRST CHILD: Who are you and where did you come from?

FIVE CENTS: I am Mr. Nickel from America. A boy in a Junior Missionary Society in the town from which I came told me to come to Tanta for him.

SECOND CHILD: Oh, please, Mr. Nickel, can you buy us some crayons?

FIVE CENTS: Yes, I will gladly buy the crayons because the boy who sent me told me to make some children happy.

THIRD CHILD: We never knew how to be happy until we had this lovely kindergarten and learned that Jesus loves us and that we are His children.

CHILDREN SING: "Jesus Loves Me, this I Know." (Curtain).

CHOIR: Bible Songs Hymnal No. 158, "The Story of Thy Love." (Curtain).

(A group of six children dressed in costumes of India are seated on the floor at a low table. Five of the children have copies of the New Testament from which they are reading. The teacher, an Ameri-

can missionary, is seated on a chair in front of the children.)

TEACHER: I'm sorry, Sosan, that there are no more Testaments, for I should like you to have one to carry home at this vacation season.

SOSAN: Oh, please, I have learned to read since I have been here at the mission school and I could read the Book to my father and mother who have never heard the story of Jesus.

TEACHER: Yes, Sosan, but all the other children want to take their Testaments home to their parents, and there are not enough Testaments.

(Knock at door. Teacher goes to the door and finds TEN CENTS standing there with something in her hand which she is trying to conceal. SPIRIT OF LOVE is close behind.)

TEN CENTS: I just arrived on the boat from America and I was afraid that school might be closed before I reached here.

TEACHER: No, indeed, and you are a most welcome friend because I know that the SPIRIT OF LOVE has sent you on your long journey.

TEN CENTS: I may not be of great value in myself, but I have here a portion of a Book that is very precious. A little crippled girl in America saved her pennies until I grew up and then she sent me to bring this Testament that she loves very dearly, so that some one at Sialkot might learn to love the heavenly Father.

TEACHER: Come, Sosan, the Testament is yours.

SOSAN (stands and bows very low, then says:)

Oh, thank you. Thank you for this wonderful gift. I will tell my father and mother the stories of Jesus I have learned from this precious Book. (Curtain).

CHOIR: Bible Songs Hymnal No. 117, "His Love is Like a Father's." (Curtain).

(Two girls dressed in Ethiopian custome walk across the platform, one is leading the other who is acting as though she were blind.)

Enter Twenty-five Cents, followed by the Spirit of Love.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS: What seems to be the trouble, little friend?

SISTER OF BLIND CHILD: Honorable sir, we are most miserable. My sister is almost blind and because we are girls we are not wanted. We try to earn a few coppers by singing.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS: Well, well, this looks like a case for the good doctor at the George Memorial Hospital.

BLIND CHILD: Oh, tell me. Where is this doctor? Will he make my eyes better? Ah, but I have no money.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS: That's just why I am here. I possess real sterling qualities and if you will take me with you the doctor will recognize me at once for I represent love and sacrifice. Without me and my relatives it would be difficult for the doctor at the mission hospital to cure the hundreds of people who like yourselves cannot pay for operations and medicines.

BLIND CHILD: Do you mean that you will pay for us?

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS: Yes, yes. It is because Jesus came to give sight to the blind that I have been sent to Ethiopia that you might be cured.

SISTER OF THE BLIND CHILD: Thank you, honorable sir, I am glad that you have come to tell us about the doctor who can cure my sister. But who is Jesus?

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS: Come with me and you shall hear the wonderful story. (Curtain).

CHOIR: Bible Songs Hymnal No. 127, "His Tender Mercy."

(Fifty Cents stands at one side of the platform alone—begins talking): This is a strange place indeed. I felt quite important when I left home but I feel very small here in Africa. If I were in America now, I could buy that set of doll dishes that Jane wanted so much.

Enter SPIRIT OF LOVE and stands close to FIFTY CENTS.

(Seven children concealed behind screen on other side of platform sing softly—"The Ends of All the Earth" (No. 20)

FIFTY CENTS: Ah, that music makes me feel less lonely and I remember that I heard it last as I laid myself on the altar of the little United Presbyterian church and was commissioned to carry a message to this distant land. Hark!

CHILD IS PRAYING: Dear Father, we thank Thee for all our blessings and for the kind friends in America who because they love Thee have remembered us. Dear Lord, please ask somebody to send us fifty cents to buy another bed so that Fatima may come to our mission school and learn about Jesus. Amen.

FIFTY CENTS: Oh, Oh! How glad I am that I didn't buy that set of doll dishes for Jane. Here is a little girl way over in Khartum. How happy she is going to be when I say: Here am I, use me. (Curtain)

CHOIR: Bible Songs Hymnal No. 25, "He Leadeth Me."

(All the children who have taken part, representing the different countries, are grouped together. The coins do not appear again. Spirit of Love steps to the front of the platform.)

SPIRIT OF LOVE: The messengers I sent to spread the Good News of the Gospel of Christ have spent themselves in His service. They have brought life, joy and hope to God's children around the world.

(SPIRIT OF LOVE leads the children down the aisle singing—"Christ Shall Have Dominion.")

—Natalie M. Farr in
"Missionary Mail."
Adapted by permission.

TEMPERANCE AND REFORM

MRS. HARRIET S. BOOBYER, Secretary, 1470 Alabama Ave., So. Hills Br., Pittsburgh, Pa.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS?

The sale of cigarets in the first seven months of the present year was more than six and a half billion over the 1933 period.

The Treasury Department is putting on 2,100 revenue officers to assist in enforcing liquor tax laws and 500 investigators. Records show 2,300 arrests a month with seizures of 86,000 gallons of liquor. Results of repeal!

Louis J. McIntyre, city traffic engineer of the city of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, reports a 100 per cent increase in automobile accidents in the first four months of 1934. Due to the fact that many pedestrians who were involved in the accidents had also been drinking, Mr. McIntyre made the comment, "There was a time when we said, 'If you must drink, do not drive', Now we must carry it further, and tell pedestrians, 'If you must drink, do not walk.' "

Present day "tongue twister". "Drinking dulls the driver's dread of danger. Does drinking dull the driver's dread of danger? If drinking dulls the driver's dread of danger, What dreadful dangers dog the drinking driver?"—*Union Signal.*

A German woman market vendor

who refused to vote was denied the right to continue in business. She was also forced to wear a placard bearing the inscription, "I have not voted because the honor and peace of Germany do not interest me." A good many would be wearing placards after our elections if non-voting citizens were so dealt with!

The newest bulletin issued by the Washington Bureau which supplies us with government bulletins is entitled "Home-made Wines!" The Pittsburgh Press in advertising this bulletin says, in part, "Amateur wine-making is not difficult. A cheap, exhilarating, wholesome and palatable beverage can be obtained by following the few simple directions outlined in our Washington bureau's newest bulletin, Home-made Wines." It may be cheap, possibly palatable, probably exhilarating but WHOLESOME, NO!

Lewis R. Thompson, M.D., gives the following results of moderate drinking: "1. The moderate drinker is threatening the structure of his stomach, liver, kidneys, blood vessels, brain and nerves. 2. He is decreasing his capacity for work, physical mental, artistic, and creative. 3. He is lowering the grade of his mind. 4. He is lessening his chances of longevity. 5. He is entailing upon his descendants an unknown and incalculable bond of misery."

"Build beautifully, O America,
With marble that shall chart
The highways of the winds;
With towers that shall know
The majesties of dawns
And twilights' benedictions;
But remember to build thy soul
Beyond the marble
Beyond the tower,
Into truth.
For dust shall the marble be;
The vision alone outlasts
The stone and steel."

—*Arthur Wallace Peach.*

Two new leaflets are ready for Alcohol Education — "Alcohol Acrostic" by the secretary and "A Temperance Exercise For Boys And Girls", written by Miss Margaret Walker of Pulaski, Pa.

LITERATURE DEPARTMENT

MRS. A. J. RANDLES, Secretary
904 Publication Bldg., 9th St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

WORLD DAY OF PRAYER MARCH 8, 1935

Our order for World Day of Prayer literature is in, and now we are ready for yours. *Programs,* 2c each, or $2.00 per 100. *Posters,* 5c. *Call to Prayer,* free for postage. This last should be distributed weeks before the day set aside for prayer.

LEAFLETS

The new *Standard of Efficiency* is ready for distribution. Also an interpretive leaflet, *Efficiency According to the Standard.* For postage only.

The *Junior Jaunts* series is being received most enthusiastically. A copy of each of the first four of the lessons has been mailed free to every Junior Superintendent whose name appears in the last Statistical Report. Where additional copies are desired for assistants, they may be had at a cost of 5c each, with the exception of the *Jaunt in Temperance Land,* which is free for postage, as is all Temperance & Reform literature. Supplementary leaflets and maps at prices quoted in our catalog.

(*Leaflets for Dec. Programs. See Third Cover*).

PRESENT ADDRESS OF MISSIONARIES SUPPORTED BY THE WOMEN'S GENERAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY AND DATE OF APPOINTMENT

INDIA

*Miss Emma Dean Anderson, 1881—Chakwal, North India
Miss Ruth I. Ardrey, 1924—Sialkot City
Miss Helen Artman, 1920—Sialkot City
Miss Hazel Bennett, 1908—Gujranwala
Miss Kathryn Beattie, 1920—Martinpur
Miss Roma B. Beatty, 1909—Badomali
Miss Minnie E. Beatty, 1912—Abbottabad
Miss Rebecca Jean Black, 1921—Sialkot
Miss Lois Boyd, 1918—Pasrur
Miss N. Addaline Brandon, 1931—Lahore
Miss Theresa Brownlee, 1922—Sialkot City
Miss Lois Buchanan, 1910—Pathankot
Miss Evelyn Cathcart, 1925—Rawalpindi
Miss Laurella G. Dickson, 1897—Pasrur
Miss Margaret Fehlman, 1918—Lyallpur
Miss Betsy Fleming, 1918—Sargodha
Miss Ella M. Gordon, 1898—Campbellpur
Miss Nancy Hadley, 1904—Zafarwal
Miss Evva P. Hartig, R.N., 1924—Jhelum
Miss Eva M. Hewitt, 1930—Sangla Hill
Miss Kate A. Hill, 1896—Sialkot City
Miss Zarra S. Hoon, 1921—Rawalpindi
Miss Janette Howland, 1921—S. Sargodha
Dr. Reba C. Hunsberger, 1921—Sialkot City
Miss Flora Jameson, 1903—Sangla Hill
Miss Mary Kyle, 1904—Pasrur
Miss Olive Laing, 1912—Gurdaspur
Miss Mary Frances Lincoln, R.N., 1920—Sargodha
Miss Glendine Lundquist, R.N., 1932—Sialkot City
Miss Elizabeth F. McConnell, R.N., 1931—Sialkot City
Miss Lillian A. McConnell, 1902—Lyallpur
Miss Rosa McCullough, 1879—Gujranwala
Miss Maude M. Miller, 1925—Sheikhupura
Miss Henrietta Moore, 1898—Pathankot
Miss Sara A. Moore, 1917—Pathankot
Miss Jean Morrison, 1895—Rawalpindi
Miss Margaret L. Murdoch, 1924—Campbellpur
Miss Marian T. Peterson, 1930—Pathankot
Miss Willa Ramsey, 1921—Pathankot
Miss Laura Reynolds, 1924—Sangla Hill
Miss Helen C. Sharp, M.D., 1932—Sialkot City
Miss Kate E. Spencer, 1918—Lyallpur
Miss Vivian L. Trimble, 1921—Gurdaspur
Miss Helen V. Weede, 1928—Sheikhupura
Miss Dora B. Whitely, 1911—Pasrur

HONORARY MISSIONARY

Miss Mary J. Campbell, 1884 % Wallace Memorial Church—Washington, D. C.

NOW IN THIS COUNTRY

Miss Frances E. Brown, 1928, 101 W. Tioga St.—Philadelphia, Pa.
Miss Marie E. Cash, R.N., 1926—R. D. 6, Lebanon, Indiana
Miss Vida J. Graham, 1922, R. D. 1, Box 64,—Fair Oaks, Calif.
Miss Sara Jane Lamont, 1928, 440 Cayuga St.—Philadelphia, Pa.
*Miss Mary A. Lawrence, 1893, % Rev. R. E. Ayers—Harmarville, Pa.
*Miss Mary E. Logan, 1891—R.D.2, Rushville, Ind.
Miss Mary R. Martin, 1890, % Mrs. R. W. Thompson—1502 S. 77th St., West Allis, Wis.
*Miss Elizabeth McCahon, 1875, Thoburn Terrace—Almansor, Alhambra, Calif.
Miss Louise Scott, 1916—1801 Termon Ave., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Miss Rose Shereda, 1928—Bennett, Wisconsin
Miss Georgia Wengert, 1920—Blue Mound, Kansas
*Dr. Maria White, 1886—Memorial Home, Penney Farms, Fla.

(*) Retired.

EGYPT

Miss Margaret A. Bell, 1901—Fayoum
Miss Helen R. Brownlee, R.N., 1934—Assiut
Mrs. Mary K. Coventry, 1918—Benha
Miss Leota Cabeen, 1909—Alexandria
Miss Mary F. Dawson, 1922—Cairo
Mrs. Ada A. Dunlap, 1926—Assiut
Miss Lucia Dwight, 1919—Beni Suef
Miss Davida Finney, 1914—Assiut
Miss Minnehaha Finney, 1894—Mansoura
Miss Alta G. French, 1925—Assiut
Miss Elsie French, 1909—Ezbekiya School, Cairo
Miss Martha Glass, 1921—Luxor
Miss Eulalia D. Grether, 1929—Tanta
Miss Alice Grimes, 1924—Minia
Miss May Holland, R.N., 1913—Benha
Miss Lois D. Kingan, 1926—Benha
Miss Bernice Knowles, 1932—Cairo
Miss Lucy Lightowler, 1921—Cairo
Miss Helen J. Martin, 1915—Cairo
Miss E. Roxy Martin, 1901—Cairo
Miss Dora B. Mason, 1918—Assiut
Miss Ruth McCleery, 1931—Tanta
Miss Jeannette McCrory, 1916—Minia
Miss Lillian McClelland, 1923 Hamlin Memorial Sanatorium, Hammana, Mt. Lebanon—Syria
Miss Carol E. McMillan, 1906—Tanta
Miss Sara B. Meloy, 1923—Cairo
Miss Helen J. Noordewier, 1921—Beni Suef
Miss Venna R. Patterson, 1924—Luxor
Miss Frances M. Patton, 1922—Mansoura
Miss Estella Robertson, 1922—Cairo
Mrs. Rachel Tracy Seiver, 1925—Fayoum
Miss Isabel Simpson, 1931—Cairo
Miss Jane C. Smith, R.N., 1922—Cairo
Miss Marie F. Tait, 1925—Zagazig
Miss Mary L. Thompson, 1917—Assiut
Miss Helen May Walker, 1930—Alexandria
Miss Laura B. Walker, 1904—Luxor
Miss Ethel L. Weed, 1919—Alexandria
Miss Elizabeth S. White, 1924—Alexandria
Miss Ruth Mary Williamson, 1924—Tanta
Miss Elizabeth Wilson, 1932—Cairo
Miss Esther W. Wilson, 1919—Luxor
Miss Margaret A. Work, 1924—Fayoum
Miss Ruth A. Work, 1904—Assiut
Miss Laura Wright, 1921—Tanta

NOW IN THIS COUNTRY

Miss Ella M. Barnes, 1911—926 E. 1st Ave., Monmouth, Ill.
Miss Anna B. Criswell, 1906—Clarinda, Iowa
Miss Alfretta M. Hammond, 1904—State Hospital, Warren, Pa.
Miss M. Evelyn McFarland, 1919—R. D., New Wilmington, Pa.
Miss Marion Paden, 1902—904 Publication Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Miss Edna B. Sherriff, 1920—R. D., Norwalk, Iowa
Miss Nellie C. Smith, 1911 R.D.3, Grove City, Pa.

IN SCOTLAND

Miss Rena L. Hogg, 1899, 11 Bellefield Lane,—Portobello, Scotland

SUDAN

Miss Una Coie, 1918—Khartum North
Miss Mary E. Cole, 1919—Khartum North
Miss Elsie E. Grove, 1912—Doleib Hill
Miss Ray Huffman, R.N., 1924—Nasir
Miss Marguerite McClellan, 1926—Khartum North
Miss Aulora R. McIntyre, 1911—Omdurman
Miss Mary Jane McKnight, 1922 Khartoum North
Miss C. Blanche Soule, R.N., 1921—Nasir
Miss Frances Turk, R.N., 1921 Khartum North

NOW IN THIS COUNTRY

Miss E. Verna Pillow, 1930, Box 475—Morgan Hill, Calif.

ETHIOPIA

Miss Dora B. Arveson, R.N., 1930—Addis Ababa
Miss Viola M. Bayne, R.N., 1924—Gore
Miss Ruth C. Beatty, 1920—Addis Ababa
Miss Isabel Blair, 1922—Sayo
Miss Marjorie Faught, R.N., 1933—Addis Ababa
Miss Ruth M. Nichol, 1933—Addis Ababa
Mrs. Ruth L. Walker, 1923—Gore

NOW IN THIS COUNTRY

Miss Edith C. Anderson, R.N., 1929—2900 W. Grand Ave., Des Moines, Iowa
Miss Elizabeth McKibben, R.N., 1924, Lowry Hall—834 Ridge Ave., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Miss Florence D. White, 1923—Cortland, Indiana

A Little Time Apart

Tuesday, 10 A.M.

"Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile"

Lo! The Star

"And, lo, the star which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was."

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Was it a new star in the heavens? Was it a comet? Was it "an angel clothed in the garment of a star?" No matter what the nature of this shining light, which shed its diamond brightness against the velvety darkness of the eastern sky, suffice it to know that it led the Magi to Jesus. "It pleased God to speak to them in a language which they understood."

The heavens spoke many times of the divinity of Jesus: at His Birth, when, in addition to the star which guided the Magi, the glory-light shone in the sky above the shepherds' heads and the angelic voice proclaimed the message of that first Christmas, followed by the harmony of the heavenly host; at His Baptism, when the heavens opened and the "Spirit like a dove" descended upon Him while a voice from heaven declared Him to be the beloved Son of God; at His Transfiguration, when the inner circle of His disciples saw Him clothed in garments of glistening white, as He talked to to Moses and Elias and heard another attestation of His Divine Sonship; at His Crucifixion when, at the time of noon-day brightness, the land was shrouded in darkness; at His Resurrection, when the angel descended from heaven, rolled back the grave-stone, and spoke the glad Easter message to the sorrowing women; at His Ascension, when the heavens opened and a cloud received Him out of the sight of His gazing disciples and the voices of two heavenly visitors were heard promising the group of disciples that they would see Him return in the same manner as they had seem Him go.

After all these manifestations, shall we stand in doubt and hesitation? Shall we not, as did the wise men of old, follow His star until we come into His presence? Shall we not, as did the wise men long ago, bear our most precious gifts to Him? Of what worth is our gold, if it be not laid at His feet? of what worth our possessions, if they be not dedicated to His kingdom? of what worth our life, if it be not His to direct?

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Lo, I Am With You

"Go ye therefore, and teach all nations * * * * lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

We need not go alone, Christ has promised to go with us. We need Him. He needs us. As the Magi followed the star, let us follow our "Bright Morning Star." Let us be glad of even the smallest opportunity to serve Him.

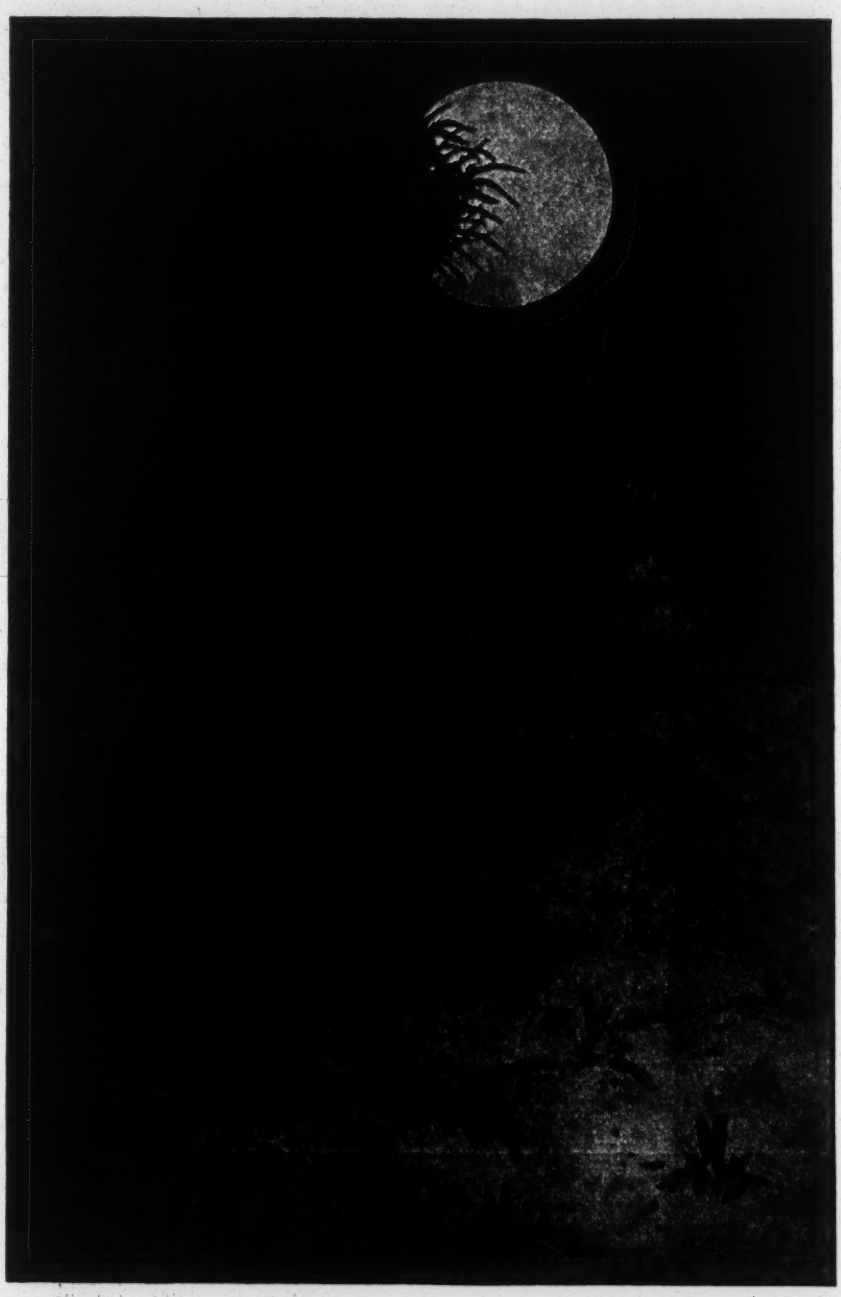
A carpenter cut
The manger's wood
With chisel and plane
Making it good.

A servant carting
His master's hay
Filled up the manger
For Christmas Day.

The straw that he used
For the oxen's bed
Made a carpet of light
For angels' tread.

The lantern that lit
The stable bare
Was hung by a maid
From the rafters there.

And how should they know
Such little things
Were meant to welcome
The king of Kings?

—Margaret H. Rose.

—Elsie Wehling Fulton.